

1923

The N.K.E.C. Yearbook, 1923

National Kindergarten and Elementary College

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ANNUAL



1923

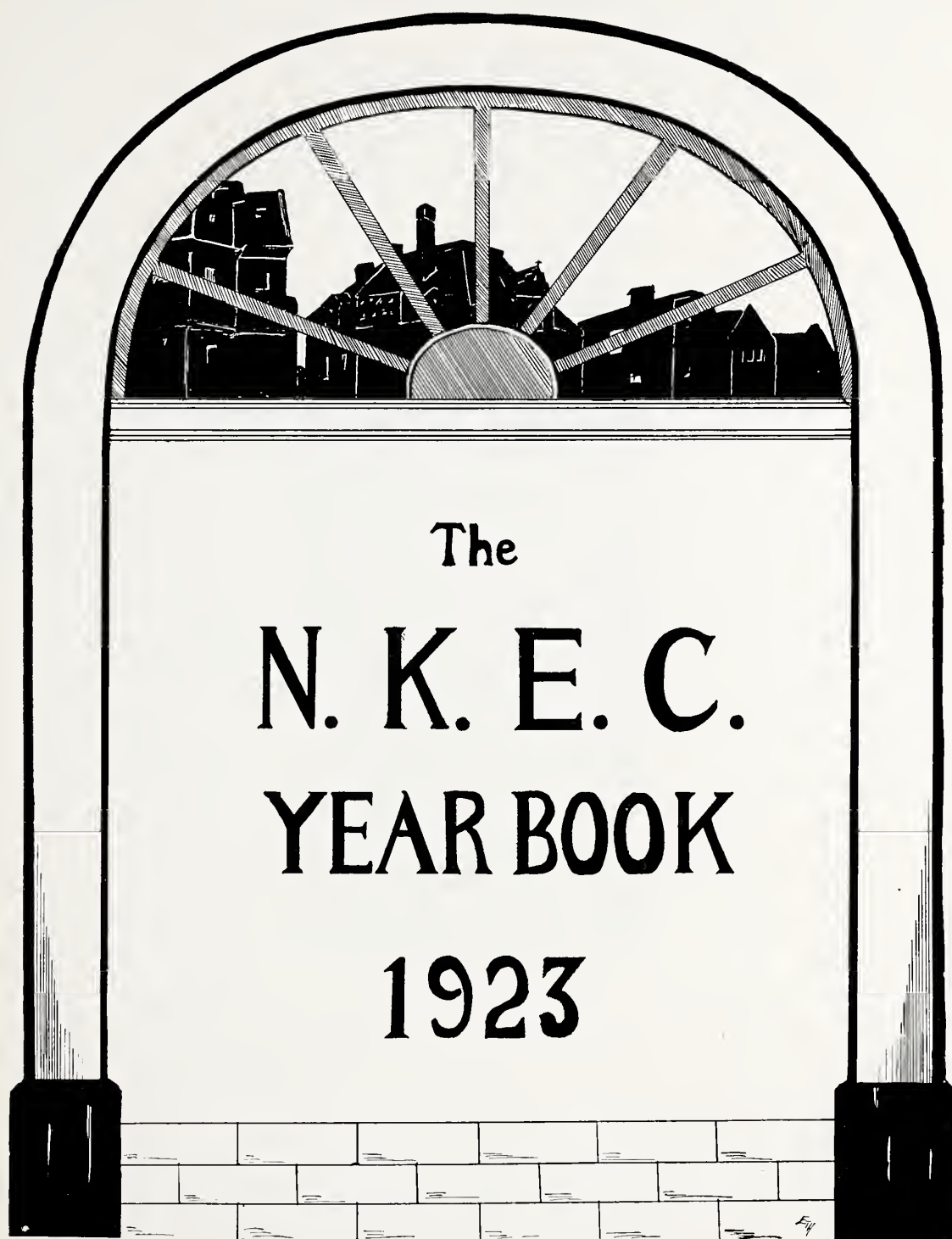
Although we have never
seen you, we do know you
and love you as dearly as
if you were here in person;
therefore we want you to
know us better so we are taking
this means of sharing our
yearly activities with you.

The Students of 1922-23



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AND ELEMENTARY COLLEGE

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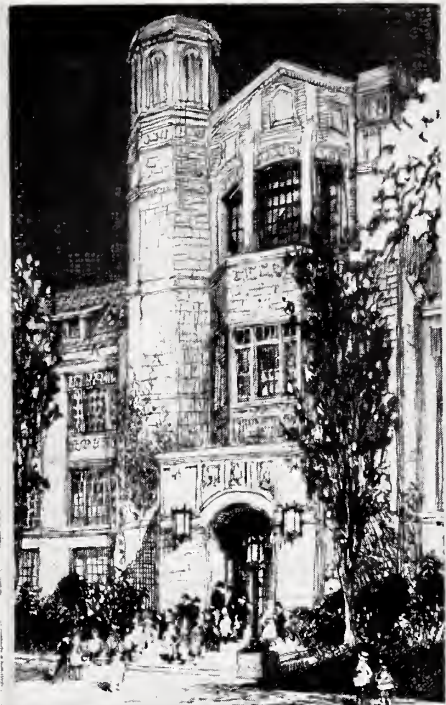
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DEDICATION

O the cause of Childhood—the new civilization as expressed in the future National College of Childhood, this book is loyally dedicated. :: ::



National College of Childhood - Gas. L. Morgan, '22

FOREWORD

IN the time a few years hence when the new College of Childhood is a beautiful reality; when our work is being carried on under ideal surroundings, may we still remember our life and work at 2944. May this book bring back to us the spirit of these days,

Lest we forget.



National College of Childhood · Class L Morgan '22



ELIZABETH HARRISON
PRESIDENT EMERITUS



EDNA DEAN BAKER
PRESIDENT

OUR ALMA MATER

1. Ring out, O voices joy-ful-ly To -- praise our Al-ma Ma - ter. How
 2. To thee we come, in thee we live, Our -- dear-est Al-ma Ma - - ter. Our

God - ly do we sing to thee, Our dear-est Al-ma Ma - ter. We
 high - est priv - i - lege to give To thee, our Al-ma Ma - - ter. May

praise thy stan - dards broad and free, Long may our flower an - - - - - lem - blem be. Of
 we thy daugh - ters ev - er share With lit - tle child - ren ev - ry - where. The

cour - age high and loy - al - ty To - - thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.
 joy that we have learned of thee, Our - - - - - glor - ious Al - ma Ma - - ter

FACULTY

MRS. LOUISE KIMBALL
SOCIAL DIRECTOR

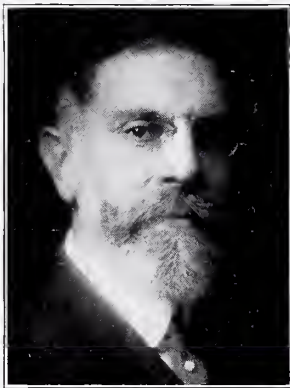
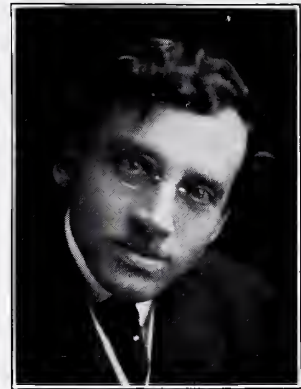


MISS FRANCES McELROY
REGISTRAR
KINDERGARTEN—PRIMARY CURRICULA



MISS MABEL KEARNS
SECRETARY

MR. FRANCIS MARION ARNOLD
INTERPRETATION OF MUSIC, INTERPRETATION
OF ART, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

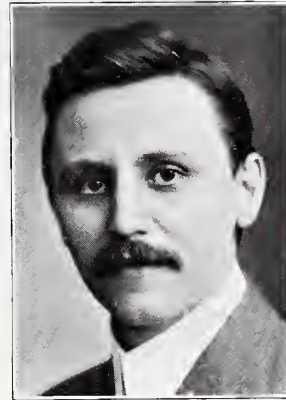


DR. LOUIS C. MONIN
INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY

MISS ANNE GOODWIN WILLIAMS
SOCIOLOGY, FROEBELIAN LITERATURE,
CHILD PSYCHOLOGY



DR. GEORGE L. SCHERGER
HISTORY, LITERATURE



DR. CLARA SCHMITT
GENETIC PSYCHOLOGY

MISS CLARA BAKER
DIRECTOR OF DEMONSTRATION PRIMARY
ENGLISH, ELEMENTARY CURRICULA



MISS LAURA HOOPER
ELEMENTARY SUPERVISION AND CONFERENCES,
ELEMENTARY METHODS, EDUCATIONAL
MEASUREMENT



MISS FLORENCE THORP
KINDERGARTEN SUPERVISION AND CONFERENCES,
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE



MISS MARGARET FARRAR
GAMES, FESTIVALS, KINDERGARTEN PROJECTS



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| Miss Willmina Townes..... | Director, Demonstration Kindergarten |
| Dr. Louis W. Webb..... | Psychology |
| Dr. John A. Clement..... | History of Education |
| Miss Marion Lanphier..... | Essentials of Speaking |
| Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen..... | Children's Literature |
| Mrs. Porter Lander MacClintock..... | Children's Literature |
| Miss Etta M. Mount..... | Physical Expression, Folk Dancing |
| Miss Mary Belle Kilpatrick..... | Domestic Science |
| Mr. E. G. Bauman..... | Eugenics |
| Mr. O. D. Frank..... | Natural Science |

Housemothers



MISS FLORENCE LINNELL
Housemother—South House

MRS. KENTON CLARKE
Housemother—Avilla House

MISS ALICE M. JONES
Housemother—Elizabeth House



MRS STELLA KAHL
Housemother—North House

MRS. GRACE HOOPER
Dean of the Halls
Housemother—Marienthal

MRS. CORNELIA BURLESON
Housemother—Thomas House

SENIORS



LOIS MUNSON HILL, President

DOROTHY PUJOLS, Vice-President

MISS FRANCES McELROY, Sponsor

MARJORIE CUTLER, Treasurer

PAULINE SILVERMAN, Secretary



GRACE ELIZABETH RILEY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Kindergarten—Little Wanderer

"As brimful of mischief, wit and glee
As ever human form could be."



BEATRICE DESCHAMPS

MISSOULA, MONTANA

Kindergarten—Riverside

"Come what will, I've sworn it still
I'll never be melancholy."



IRENE LA VILLIAN WOODSON

MIDDLESBOROUGH, KENTUCKY

Primary—Hyde Park School for
Little Children

Secretary of Student Government

"Is she not passing fair?"

PAULINE VIOLET SILVERMAN

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Secretary of Senior Class

Kindergarten—Home for the Friendless

"What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine."



MAUDE HUMPHREY

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

Kindergarten—Presbyterian Mission

"But in the brown eyes sparkling well,
Mystery and mischief dwell."



ELIZABETH McCOLLUM

BLOOMSBURY, PENNSYLVANIA

Primary—Brook's Private School

"To be of service rather than to be conspicuous."





GLADYS LUCILLE TAYLOR

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Kindergarten—Demonstration

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, low,
An excellent thing in woman."



MARJORIE PERSIS CUTLER

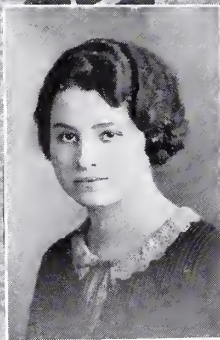
HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS

Kindergarten—Chase House

President of Student Council

Treasurer of Senior Class

"Her soft voice, her alluring charms have won
her many friends."



DOROTHY JEANETTE PUJOLS

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

Kindergarten—Madonna Center

Vice-President of Senior Class

Treasurer of Student Council

"With eyes that looked into the very soul,
Bright and as black and burning as coal."

NELL E. HUDLOW
COVINGTON, VIRGINIA
Primary—Demonstration
Treasurer of Student Government
"Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated in thy mind."

LOIS MUNSON HILL
MONTREAL, CANADA
Primary—Evanston Elementary
President of Senior Class
"Intelligence is not her only virtue."

LILLIA OGDEN LYMAN
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS
Kindergarten—Grace Church
Editor of the Annual
"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use."





HELGA GREGERSON

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Kindergarten—St. Luke's Hospital
Business Manager of the Annual

"First in work, first in play,
She does something better every day."

LENA R. LEATHERMAN

VIENNA, VIRGINIA

Kindergarten—Riverside

"A face with gladness overspread
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

ALICE M. JONES

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Normal Student

"Herself meanwhile as calm and still,
As the bare crown of Prospect Hill."

FLORENCE LINNELL

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Normal Student

"Unceasingly delving for knowledge."

Senior Class History

When you were the Freshmen
Of 1921,
If you had been prophets,
You'd have seen what was to come.
For to your class was given
The privilege to be
The living historians
Of N. K. E. C.

For in the early autumn
Our president resigned,
She it was who founded
This one college of its kind;
She it was who fostered
Care of children young;
She it was who entered
The lives of everyone.

Then was our Miss Baker
Installed in the chair,
Upholding well the ideals
Miss Harrison held so fair;
And to these worthy presidents
You pledged your loyalty,
Pledging help to render
Whenever need might be.

And then when you were Juniors
The new College dream began,
And with the keenest interest
You listened to the plan,
Although you raged with envy
To think you could not be
Again a timid Freshman
In N. K. E. C.

But now this year as Seniors
In 1923,
Your interests have widened
To take, in humanity.
Not just for our own college,
But for all of Childhood, too,
And thus helped to raise the standard
The whole world through.

And now that you are leaving
Our dear N. K. E. C.,
With you go all our wishes—
Successful may you be!
Be sure that we will never
In the years that are to come
Forget the loyal Freshman class
Of 1921.

M. Frances McElroy.

Miss McElroy

There stands among us one who by her strength,
Her character, her faith in God and man,
Her deep ability to do and give,
Yet never seek reward or praise or fame,
Gives unto us who live and work with her
A pattern meet for all to see and own.

We let her pass without a word of praise,
And yet I know that could we for ourselves
Attain those heights that we should wish to reach;
Our minds would image all unconsciously
The virtues realized in her who humbly serves
All, quietly.

Juniors



MILDRED OLSON, President

KEO STARR, Vice-President

MILDRED ZORN, Secretary

ARDELLE WITTE, Dorm Treasurer THELMA COPELAND, Town Treas.

ALICE MARAVIGLIA

"There's beauty all around our
paths, if but our watchful eye
Can trace it midst familiar things."

BLANCHE BARBER

Good looks, a good sport and a
good disposition.

DOROTHY SIDER

Nothing is so helpful as loads of
friends.

EVELYN TRIEBES

Not very tall, not very small.

FRANCES GROSH

"We never heard her speak in haste,
Her tones were sweet."

MARTHA ABRAMSON

"Her friends they are many,
Her foes, are there any?"

BLOIS McWHORTER

"In truth, sir, she is pretty, honest
and kind."

ALICE GRIMES

Everyone likes her, what more
can we say?

ETHEL KARLSON

"A genial disposition brings its
owner many friends."

GERTRUDE GRADY

"Speaking generally, she's gen-
erally speaking."

JEANETTE HARPER

"More hearts are won by smiles
than by tears."





HELEN DURSTINE

"Here's to the girl with a heart and
a smile
That makes this bubble of life
worth while."

FLORENCE RICHARDS

"Ambition is the germ from which
all growth of nobleness proceeds."

IRENE D. CARLSON

She possesses a charm that would
not do harm.

BETTY ALKIRE

"To those who know thee not no
words can paint;
To those who know thee well, all
words are faint."

VIRGINIA EDGREN

"She is just that which is neatest,
completest and sweetest."

ELIZABETH GAGE

"Sober, but not serious;
Quiet, but not idle."

NORMA KRAMER

"A maiden fair, you can't deny,
With golden hair and laughing
eye."

HELEN COATSWORTH

"For if she will she will, you may
depend on't,
And if she won't she won't and
there's an end on't."

MILDRED CLOW

The more we know her the better
we like her.

LUCILLE BUSH

As sweet and merry as the day
is long.

AGNES BONWILL

Don't wander too far from our Col-
lege, we pray,
We'll be calling you back for a song
some fine day.

BERNICE NYLUND

"Her dancing eyes and roguish smile
Drive care away—make life worth
while."

MARY BISHOP

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with
thee,
Jest and youthful jollity."

ESTHER HAGSTROM

To do easily what is hard for
others is a mark of talent.

RUTH BEATTY

Quality, not quantity.

MARGARET OLSON

She doesn't say much, but she's
always there.

DOROTHEA ZORN

A girl whose friendship is highly
valued.

THELMA ONSTOTT

"Perfectly groomed, always at ease."

MILDRED OLSON

"My heart is true as steel."

IDA SHAW

"It's a good thing to lengthen to
the last a sunny mood."

KEO STARR

There wasn't a minute when Keo
wasn't in it.
In what?—Everything.

ANNA CLAIRE ZACHOW

"Nature teaches us to know our
friends."





ANNE BRADLEY
Still waters run deep.

FAYE MacNAMARA
Don't tell anybody, but I do know
how to study.

HELEN WILSON
Lots of pep and a good sport.

MARJORIE JONES
"Fair on earth shall be thy fame
As thy face is fair."

MARJORIE MAYHEW
What would we do without her?

MARGARET RUSS
Deep blue eyes running over with
glee.

ARDELLE WITTE
"She is pretty to walk with, witty to
talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

MARIAN WESTPHAL
She's neat, she's fair, she always
dresses with perfect care.

RUTH CANDY
"Fashioned so slenderly, young
and so fair."

MERCEDES HAGERTY
There is joy of living within her
eyes, and beautifully does she dance.

KATHERINE BARNES
"Her hair was not more sunny
than her heart."

LA VILLA DOWDELL
"Happy-go-lucky, fair and free,
Nothing in the world to bother
me."

JEANETTE JOHNSON
Happy, peppy and a friend to all.

MARGARET KING
The hardest to know, we some-
times find, make the best of friends.

ELEANOR BENSKIN
"I could be good if I would, but
it's awfully lonesome being good."

GERTRUDE LOOKUP
She was always there through
thick or thin.

THELMA MORLEY
The pink of perfection.

LYDIA ROSE
A beauty that goes deeper than
the skin.

KATHLEEN LYONS
Kathleen is our lady fair
In all she does and says.

BENNER MAUS
The true test comes when things look
blue,
Then Benner proves her friendship
true.

MILDRED ZORN
To know her is to love her.

PEARL PEARSON
Quiet, prim and a little demure?





PAULINE EISENBISE
Intelligence personified.

HELEN KELLEY
A good scout, always on the job.

ALMA HAAVISTO
There are one thousand good
talkers to one good thinker.

OLGA REHNER
So quiet, so sweet, so always the
same,
We know you'll get something that's
better than fame.

CLARA PLUMMER
She's quiet and modest in her ways.

NELLIE BALL
"Blessed with a temper whose un-
clouded ray,
Can make tomorrow cheerful as
today."

THELMA COPELAND
She worried about money the whole
year through,
Collecting funds for that Junior crew.

FLORENCE ANDERSON
A good heart wins the hearts of
others.

CLARA GRIFFIN
What I acquire, I possess.

VIVIEN GLENN
A poet in disguise
And a jewel for her size.

RUTH HEIRONIMUS
Sweet and lovable—a good pal.

MARIAN CLARK

A good scout, a true friend.

LUCILLE ANDREWS

'Tis her raven locks and her pleasing smile that captivate her friends.

MARIE ARTHUR

Her friendly personality and good humor are her chief attractions.

LULU MEINZER

If her last name didn't betray we'd think she was Irish.

HELEN CUNNINGHAM

She's tall and fair
And has red hair.

GLADYS DE VORE

Raven hair and laughing eyes
Is not too much for a girl her size.

LO ANNA WILSON

Personification of pep and personality.

RUTH MARTIN

Behind a frowning providence
She holds a shining face.

GLADYS YENERICH

Hang sorrow, care would kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

HELEN CORBETT

Silence—more musical than song.

LOUISE LOY

Not by years alone, but by disposition is wisdom acquired.





BETTY SWARTZLENDER

"I'll hold thou hast some touch of music."

MILDRED BECKMAN

For even though vanquished, she could argue still.

HELEN HILES

Generous, loving and game,
She always is the same.

MAYBELLE JOHNSON

Man was not meant to dwell alone.

GRETCHEN EMPKIE

"I'm all the daughters of my father's house
And all the brothers, too."

BERNICE STONEALL

Slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.

DOROTHY BATES

Hard to know, but easy to like.

MARY LARSH

A good leader, an excellent follower.

MILDRED WALKER

Quiet, yes, but lots of fun.

EDITH CRONIN

I have a little shadow,
That goes in and out with me.

DOROTHY BUECH

Smiles, she to all extends.

FRANCES BRUNSON

Ask me! Ask me! And then
answer me.

MARJORIE STANTON

"A fair exterior is a silent com-
mendation."

EVELYN THARP

Give her sports—any kind will
do.

HELEN LAPP

Be thine own self always and thou
art lovable.

PAULINE SCHLECHTY

As true a friend, as congenial a
companion and as perfect a "real
girl" as can be found.

ESTHER SHAW

May one as willing as she be num-
bered among my friends.

CATHERINE SMITH

Perseverance wins.

EULA MILLS

True merit is like a river—the
deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

LUCILLE MANLEY

"Infinite riches in a little room."

MARTHA MAYER

Always ready to help when needed.

MARGARET PLAGGE

Conscientious and studious, yes,
merry, too.





MIRIAM ANDERSON

She finds no trouble in acting her
part,
For she is really merry at heart.

FLORANCE MacLACHLAN

We know her by her smile and
her willingness to serve.

LOIS E. TAYLOR

What she lacks in stature, she has
in common sense.

RUTH BARR

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate."

HARRIET NEWHEY

Exceedingly wise, fair spoken and
persuading.

IDA JEAN STEWART

Her hair it is flaxen, her eye it is
blue,
Not a care seems to trouble her all
the day through.

RUTH ADAMS

" 'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true."

FAYE MOFFETT

"Linked sweetness, long drawn out."

DELLA GROBEE

She's apt to present you a deep
thought or two;
Yes, Miss Grobee, we're speaking
of you.

ADELAIDE MARROW

"The rest is silence."

NELLIE REEH

"Exceedingly well read."

GRETCHEN SCHMIDT

Dear Gretchen, we'll always remember your smile,
'Tis girls such as you that make life worth while.

MARGARET McKENNA

You'd never think such a little girl could be so big.

HELEN STRAYER

In work or play she's with us.

LOIS I. TAYLOR

Studies, dances and the social whirl
All belong to this charming girl.

MIRIAM YEAKEL

Still water runs deep.

IRENE C. CARLSON

Hard to know, but worth knowing.

YETTE LEVY

With manner never bold
And heart as good as gold.

HELEN STOWE

Of my merit—on that point
You yourself may judge.

MARY FRANCES WILSON

A pleasant combination of those
qualities which make a true friend.



Junior Class History

WITH much enthusiasm we came back this year to keep up our brilliant class rep as Freshmen, being the class of pep and originality. (Oh no, we know it.)

The Weather Man tried to put one over on us when he ordered snow on the same day we attempted to entertain the Seniors and Freshmen at a beach party, but we fooled him and ate hot dogs at home.

Will you ever forget the chills that ran up your back as you made your way (decked up in your best clothes) past the cemetery to Thomas' haunted house last Hallowe'en?

"Leave it to the Juniors again. They even made us pay for our ages." One penny per year was the cry at the Junior assembly when the "Dress Rehearsal of Hamlet" was given.

At Christmas time we played Santa Claus to the Grace Church Mission children with our individual gifts and our class gifts of a set of doll furniture, dolls, balls and other needed equipment.

We ended our cadeting days with a splash by entertaining our directors at a Valentine's luncheon.

Extra! The Weather Man was with us this time, furnishing cold, snow and everything! So we had a bob party. We were scared for a while when we thought some of the girls would be left in the cold wilderness. The rear end was brought well up by hot coffee and goodies at Millie's.

We furnished decorations for notebooks and suitcases in our N. K. E. C. banner and shield stickers—proceeds to go to the building fund.

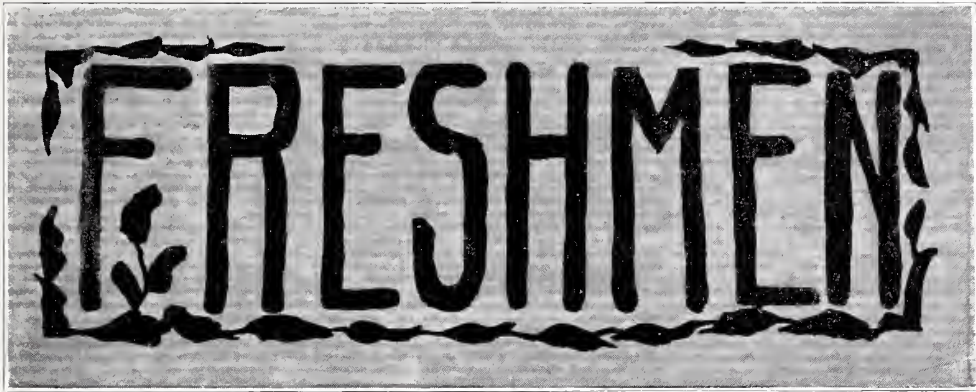
We tried to express our sincere appreciations of Millie's leadership throughout our Freshman and Junior year by giving a dinner dance.

We enjoyed our trip to Thatcher's Woods and the Dunes with "Out Door" Frank and plenty of eats.

The Mission kiddies were thrilled with the caps, ice cream and Cracker Jack and good time at their party.

Everyone out—Good Prizes—Good Time at the Card and Bunco Party; also lots of money for—a new electric automatic bell.

Well, you know we came in with a noise, were noisy, went out noisily and left noise!



Freshman Class

Ella Jeanette Vennum.....President

Catherine Morgan.....Vice-President

Carol RosecransSecretary

Helen Schaad.....Treasurer

Class Sponsor.....Miss E. Mount



Freshman Class History

EARLY in the fall of 1922 the National Kindergarten and Elementary College once again was filled to overflowing with Freshmen, who did not know whether they were expected to laugh or cry, and who spent most of their time saying, "Oh, do you know Mary Smith? Why, so do I." On such occasions cries of surprised delight could be heard all over the campus and lifelong friendships were established.

We had left our various high schools and colleges feeling perfectly confident that the world was ours for the asking, but when we had attended our first few classes we realized that once more it was necessary to follow in the footsteps of Caesar. We have come, we have seen, and the question remains, "Shall we in our Junior year complete the conquering?"

Our first real get-together party was held on the lawn in front of the College. After romping around in true kindergarten style, we were cooled and refreshed by delicious sherbet and wafers. During that afternoon many of us came out of our shells and realized that the Juniors, Seniors, and yes, even some of the Faculty had been Freshmen themselves at one time. I do not believe that we can ever tell them how much we appreciated their sympathetic understanding and general goodwill.

It took us several days to adjust ourselves to our surroundings, but we soon began to feel at home and enjoy the wonderful things that everyone was doing for us. Two lovely teas were given, one by the Faculty and one by the Seniors. Both were equally enjoyable and confirmed in our minds the knowledge that we really were wanted. In compliance with the custom of the school, our class gave a vaudeville performance in Assembly and many talents, hitherto unknown, were exhibited. If it were not for the fact that we are needed by the world to educate children I am sure that many stage careers might have been prophesied.

Soon we were well enough acquainted to decide who could best fulfill our offices, and a class meeting was called for this purpose. Ella Jeanette Vennum was elected president; Catherine Morgan, vice-president; Carol Rosecrans, secretary, and Helen Schaad, treasurer. In February Carol Rosecrans left our number to become a Junior and Helen Schaad took her place. Our dear Miss Mount was chosen as sponsor of the class, and we feel, indeed, that her influence has been with us in everything we have done.

We must not forget our initiation! What a time we had, eating with our knives and wearing our hair in the style approved by our superiors, to say nothing of the cabaret stunt we gave in the dining room. And then came formal initiation and all frivolities were forgotten when we realized the seriousness of the step we were taking.

And now our Freshman year has been completed, but it will live forever in our memories. The pages of our diaries are filled with good times, broken now and then perhaps by some difficulty; but through it all runs the stream of true friendship and love which we have shown to each other and which has kept up the spirit of our class.

Jessie Satre.

The Little House

Through a dear little town,
Down a run-a-way road,
 A quaint little cottage stands.
And if you should ask
While you're traveling through,
 They'll tell you it's Mistress Ann's.

It's white with green blinds,
And has a short path,
 And the funniest, primmest low door
With a queer piece of iron
In the center, you know,
 And some squarish red bricks on the floor.

There's a rather low fence,
And a gate with a voice
 That speaks, if you swing it too far.
And an old weather-cock,
Sitting high on a post,
 Sings a song as he turns on his bar.

Some stately old trees,
Kindly nodding their heads,
 Offer welcome and friendship to man.
And the cares of your day,
Will all vanish away,
 In the cottage of Mistress Ann.

For the dear little town,
Is the Village of Life,
 And your Hope is the street that goes through,
And joins on somewhere,
With the run-a-way road
 To the House Where Your Dreams Come True.

Carol Rosecrans.





The Annual Staff

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|
| Editor | Lillia Lyman |
| Business Manager | Helga Gregerson |
| Assistant Editor | Anna Claire Zachow |
| Assistant Business Manager | Nellie Ball |
| Literary Editor | Virginia Edgren |
| Art Editor | Helen Durstine |
| Joke Editor | Mary Esther Ransel |
| Campaign Editor | Elizabeth Foster |
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| Faculty Critic | Clara Belle Baker |

At last the Annual has gone to press. I know you never thought it would; I somewhat doubted it myself. There were many delays, chief of which was the unexpected absence of your editor, which made it doubly hard on all. Nevertheless with the loyal co-operation—the customary willingness to take her part—of every girl on the staff and many, many other friends the Annual has come through and it bids fair to be a mighty fine one. You know we promised you an especially good one this year, because it is to express the spirit of our new College of Childhood, the spirit that has pervaded every activity of the year and made it a very beautiful year. We feel that that spirit has been expressed in our Annual this year, not only in the material itself, but in the willing co-operation of everyone who helped to make it. This includes not only every member of the staff, all of whom worked loyally, but also all those, voluntary or involuntary, who were contributors—even those whose contributions were not used. We could not use everything and we tried to use that which most perfectly fitted into the idea of our book, but even those unused contributions helped, because they spoke of your interest. Our appreciation extends also to all those who helped in the little, usually unrecognized ways: those who went out to get us “ads”; those who worked to make our lunches a success; those who supported those lunches; those who subscribed to the Annual; those who offered their help; to all those who in any way gave us their support. Principally, of course, we give our appreciation to our ever loyal faculty—and especially to Miss Clara Baker, whose keen wit and good judgment made the Annual what it is.

Student Council

THE Student Council is the central governing and social body of the school: the mainspring of all student activities and the mother organization of all the other organizations of the school. It is composed of the officers of each class, the president of Student Government, the president of the Town Girls' Association, the class sponsors and the editor of the Annual. Miss Baker, as president of the College, is, of course, the first member. The officers of the Council are chosen from this group. This year they are:

| | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| Marjorie Cutler..... | President |
| Keo Starr..... | Vice-President |
| Mildred Zorn..... | Secretary |
| Dorothy Pujols..... | Treasurer |

The other members are:

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Miss McElroy..... | Senior Class Sponsor |
| Lois Munson Hill..... | Senior Class President |
| Pauline Silverman. | |
| Miss Farrar..... | Junior Class Sponsor |
| Mildred Olson..... | Junior Class President |
| Thelma Copeland. | |
| Ardelle Witte. | |
| Mildred Zorn. | |
| Miss Mount..... | Freshman Class Sponsor |
| Ella Jeanette Vennum..... | Freshman Class President |
| Catherine Morgan. | |
| Helen Schaad. | |
| Carol Hopperstead. | |
| Carol Rosecrans. | |
| Margery Mayhew } Mary Larsh } |Student Government Presidents |
| Helen Durstine..... | Town Girl President |
| Lillia Lyman..... | Editor of the Annual |



Social Notes

September! Life begins once more for N. K. E. C. Juniors and Seniors busy welcoming each other. Freshmen busy trying to look at home and in place. Little sisters trying to look as intelligent as their big sisters.

An All-State Pow Wow was held at the College. It was immensely

enjoyed by all the girls—especially Miss Farrar. We particularly admired "T's" courage in singing "all by herself." Elizabeth McCollum gave a most interesting little talk not only on the major industries of Pennsylvania, but on the miners as well.

Initiation brought terror into the hearts of the new girls. It's shocking the skill they showed in the art of cabaretting; but the next day our hearts were set at ease when we observed how innocently and demurely they ate pie with their knives above the heads of their elders.

We hear that every day in every way Ardelle is growing less and less witty. Dieting?

"Campaign!" 'Tis a word to cause every N. K. E. C.-ite to stand at attention, for well she knows what the word means. Many a tender finger has been wounded by a darning needle, and many a bobbed head burned to distraction—all for the noble cause of Childhood.

N. K. E. C. gave a Thanksgiving party at the Lakota. Dame Fashion decreed that every girl should look her best; and there was much preening and "fixing." Needless to say, everybody had a wonderful time. "Mim" displayed great skill when she sold chances on "Miss Avilla," our campaign doll. Mim ought really to be an auctioneer, for she certainly brought results.

Christmas holidays finally arrived with all their gaiety. A festive party was held in Avilla House. Santa Claus was there in all his glory and parcelled out gifts to all. Private telephones proved to be the most popular gift. The next morning Avilla girls awakened the other girls with a candle and carol procession. Then came the much-looked-forward-to vacation. It is rumored that Mrs. Hooper installed Isham Jones' orchestra, to play for her at dinner during the holidays to maintain the deep silence of the girls during that meal.

Vespers are a source of great pleasure on Sunday afternoons. They have been held in the different houses, and many interesting people (including our own Dr. Scherger) have come to make them even more pleasant.

NOTICE! A new cook has arrived. The one we had for lunch was better than the one we had for breakfast. We are hoping this one will stay long enough to give us our dinner.

A Washington's Birthday Tea was held at Avilla. Tea, candy and dainty little cakes were served. Jessie Satre gave a most attractive little minuet dance and Eleanor Benskin sang several pretty songs.

What Ho! A party at the Drake! Needless to say everybody was there and early, too, for Benson's orchestra furnished the "inspiration." "Baby Blue Eyes" sealed some man's "Fate" that "Night."

EXTRA! EXTRA! All about the plays at the Studebaker given by N. K. E. C. "The Sleeping Beauty" was a beautiful success, as well as the now famous "Toys Awake." Helen Durstine made a "mean" king—that is to say she had a kingly mein. We are pleased to announce that Merc. Hagerly has been begged, nay, implored to join Ziegfeld's Follies—though Ziegfeld admits she will be a "limp" attraction. Her Raggedy Ann dance is bound to go down in history, never to be forgotten.

And so at the close of our year at N. K. E. C. we feel that even with all the heavy(?) social duties we have time to "pause in the day's occupation" and remember our real duty to society—that of carrying on the noble cause of Childhood.

The Student Government Association

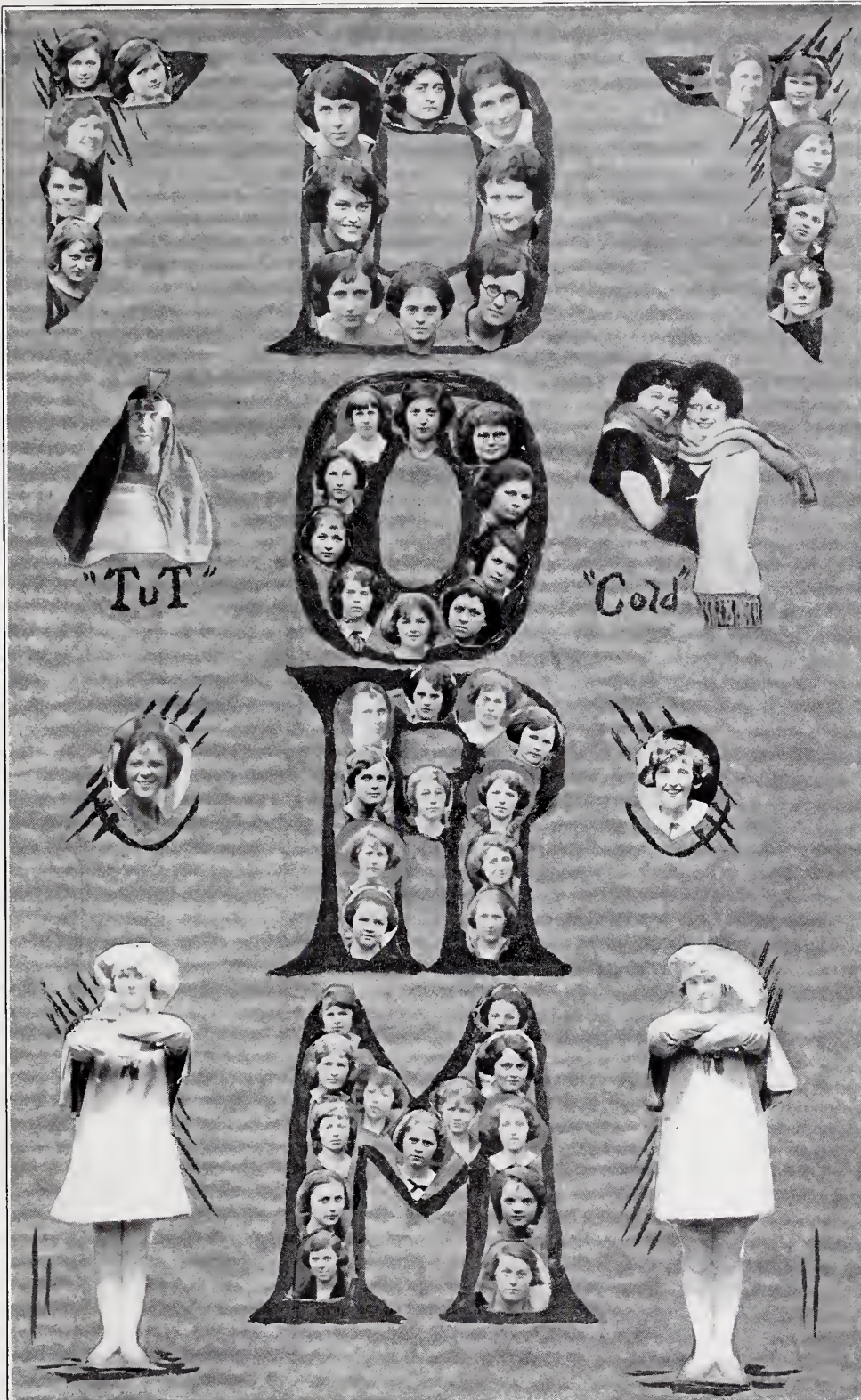
Mary Larsh.....President
Marjorie Mayhew.....Vice-President
(President after Mary's resignation)
Nell Hudlow.....Treasurer
Irene Woodson.....Secretary

CAN you imagine the same group of girls sitting in stern judgment on the child who cannot "remember" that twelve o'clock—not twelve-thirty—is the time to be in, and acting as executives and hostesses at the most formal of social affairs? That is what Student Government does. It is not only the central governing body in the dormitories, but it is also the instigator of most student activities. If a maiden does anything amiss from talking in classes to making mysterious and forbidden visits to—anywhere, she is brought with all the force of the law before the high court of the Student Government Association where she is severely judged and admonished. If any dormitory group wants support in a project of any nature it goes to this association and gets it, which makes this body a very versatile and very valuable one.

When the great growth of the school rendered some organized form of government necessary the students and faculty got together and drew up the constitution for a student government, giving permanent expression to the heretofore unwritten law, and forming a body of support for public opinion. This was done in 1916 and since that time the students in the dormitories have pretty successfully governed themselves, and they have found that by making each girl responsible for the whole they create a stronger impulse to control than all the externally imposed rules they could make. This does not mean that there are no difficulties, no infractions of the law—it means rather that in most cases the students are able to work out their own solution to their problems and in so doing strengthen their own ability to govern themselves.

At the opening of the year the girls are put on probation for two thrilling and horrible weeks, during which the upper-classmen have a great deal of fun and the poor newcomers live in fear and suspense. But at the end of this time those who pass sign the pledge and are formally admitted to the organization. And then the fun begins. For the student body can play as well as govern and many and varied are the social functions held during the year.

This year, in spite of the fact that most of our play has been centered around the one all-absorbing interest of the campaign, we have had time for other fun of the purely social kind. First there was the dance at the Lakota Hotel, which was pronounced by all to be one of the prettiest and happiest we have had. The Christmas party, too, is always a student government project and one of the loveliest affairs of the year—beginning with the singing of carols at an early hour of the morning when candles were the only lights used, to the ever joyous visit of Santa himself. These are only two of many social gatherings, but they prove that student government is a good all-around organization, for work and for play.



The Chicago Girls' Association of N. K. E. C.

WHEN in the fall of 1921 the number of Town Girls enrolled in the College made the dormitory girls sit up and take notice, it was decided that this group of girls ought to have some form of organization. No sooner said than done and the Chicago Girls' Association of National Kindergarten and Elementary College (take a big breath before you try it) was formed for government, for coöperation, and for sociability. This is the second year of our "organized life" and under the peppy leadership of our officers, who are:

Helen Durstine.....President
Nellie Ball.....Vice-President
Florence Anderson.....Treasurer
Florence Richards.....Secretary

we have had all these things. Does the school need some help in keeping the halls spotlessly clean? Call on the Town Girls (and ask Mr. Johnson). Do you need some diversion in the way of peppy entertainment—in classes and out? Just watch the Town Girls. Is the campaign fund getting low? Need someone to put some new life in it? Sure! Tell the Town Girls—they'll do their bit, just as everyone else does. Does any girl need a rest? The Town Girls have a Rest Room! Yes, they really have. Remember how we worked, planned and dreamed for it last year? Well, this year it's no longer a dream—it's a reality.

This year, like all the other organizations, we worked hard and did our bit and then just by way of diversion we rested and gave ourselves a party—"weenies" and all.

But in spite of the fact that we are proud of our organization and the work we have done we do not forget for an instant the spirit of loyalty and coöperation the dormitory girls and all the other organizations have shown. We have only the greatest admiration for all of you and we hope that as the school grows, as our organization and the dormitory organization grows, there may grow with it a feeling of friendship between the two—that we may be only two sister organizations, working as we have worked this winter, for the good of all.

L. L.

Sunset on the Skokie

There is a red fire through the tree tops
As the sun sinks low;
The baby clouds are racing home,
All blushing as they go.
The bluebird sings and swings and sings—
'Mid blossoms white as snow;
The meadow-lark calls sweetly
With plaintive note and slow.
'Tis spring and twilight—Pan's own hour.
I hear—I hear his faint pipes blow.

L. L. Kimball.





Miss Edna Dean Baker

ONE who amid all her larger activities still keeps close to her heart the interest of every girl in the College; who trying always to realize the greater ideal, to spread to all people the beauty and the spirit of our work, is still able to understand, sympathize with and appreciate the problems and difficulties of each of her children—

Such is our president.

And because she is all of these things and much, much more we love her and pledge to her always our loyalty, devotion and support in all she undertakes. May all her dreams come true.

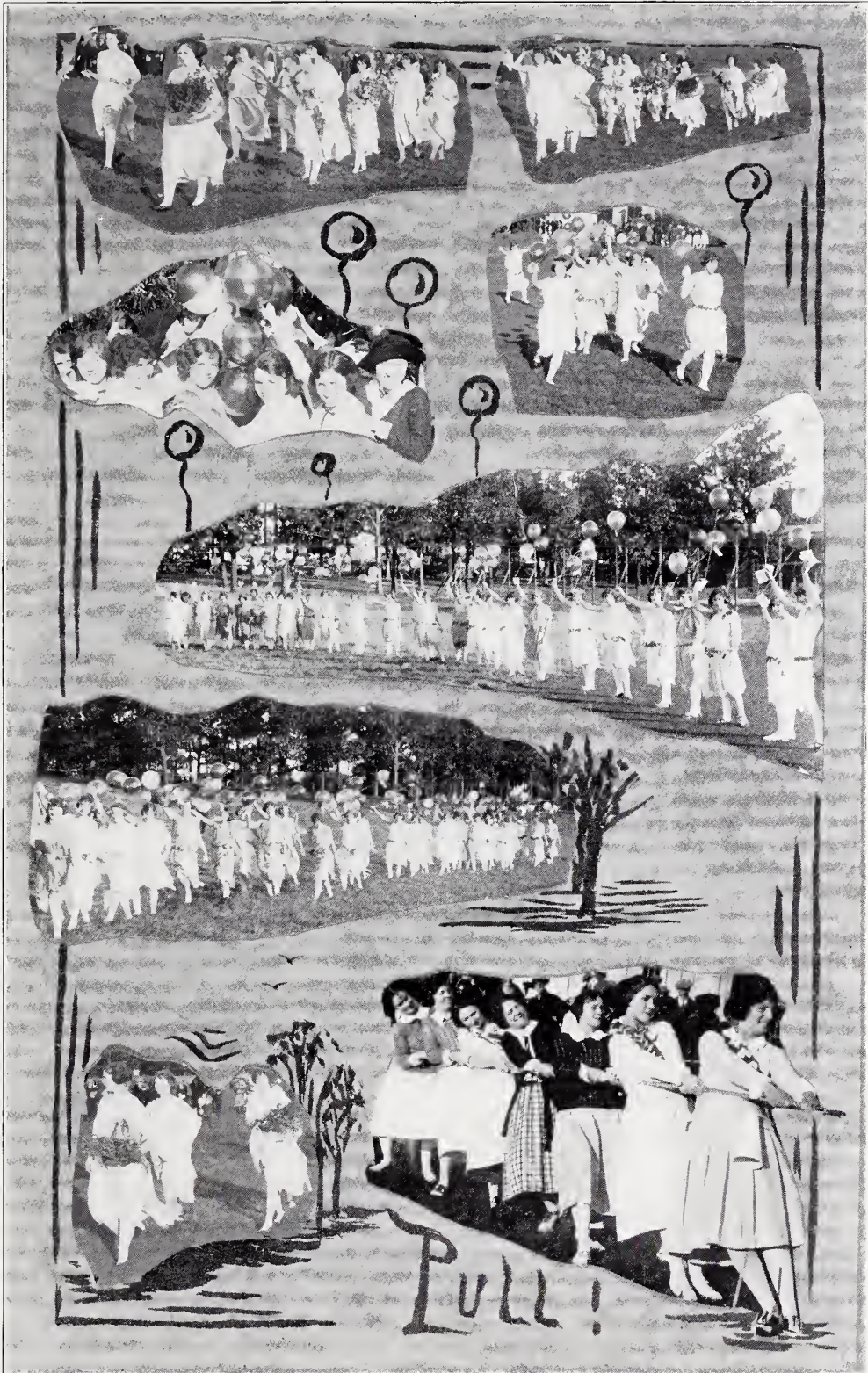
L. L.



The Student Campaign Committee

The Student Committee, whose duty it was to stimulate and organize all campaign activities among the students, was composed of three members from each class with a chairman, appointed by Miss Baker, from the Senior class. In each case the president of the class was the first member for that class and Miss Baker appointed the other two. The committee was composed of the following members:

Lillia Lyman—Senior—Chairman
Lois Munson Hill—Senior
Helga Gregerson—Senior
Mildred Olson—Junior
Helen Durstine—Junior
Mary Larsh—Junior
Ella Jeanette Vennum—Freshman
Carol Rosecrans—Freshman
Ellen Rubel—Freshman



The Proclamation

'Twas one Tuesday last September
That Miss Baker in Assembly
Told the students, curious, eager,
Of the plan to move the College
From the clatter of the city,
From the smoky, murky sky-line,
To the far-off wooded North Shore;
Told them that the site was purchased—
To the East the glinting waters,
To the West the radiant sunset,
To the North a wooded village,
To the South a seat of learning
And palatial homes of rich men;
Told them of the vast expanse there—
Grassy meadows stretching westward,
Where the students will be sporting:
In the winter gayly skating
On the narrow, frozen river,
In the summer boating, playing,
Walking in the fragrant forest,
Sitting on the sandy beaches;
Told them of the beauteous castles
That the Builders will erect there—
Of the College with its towers,
With its spacious rooms and hallways,
That will shelter happy children,
Learning how to play together,
And an eager throng of teachers,
Learning how to guide endeavor;
Told them of the Dormitory,
With its many-windowed gables,
With its sunny student bedrooms,
With its dining hall and parlors,
Opening on a grassy courtyard,
Where the paths mid flowery borders
Lead out to the rolling meadow.

And the students, hearing, shouted,
Clapped their hands and raised their voices,
Pledging in their exaltation
All their powers and their talents
To make real that lovely vision
Of the College on the North Shore!

C. B. B.

Whang! Bang!

(Tune: "Bossy Cow")

Whang! bang! come on, gang!
We're off to advertise!
Here come a great big crowd—
Let's fill them with surprise!
Dear N. K. E. C.
We'll make your letters sting!
We will make them pierce
The heart of everything!
Keep step, show your pep,
We're off to tell the world—
They'll know, we're not slow,
But some peppy girls!
Come now, good people,
Don't you understand?
Well, then, here goes,
Give us a helping hand.



What the Dormitories Did

Thomas House

THOMAS HOUSE was the first to conceive the idea of making an individual contribution to the Building Fund. All sorts of plans were discussed and at length a candy sale was decided upon. The candy was to be made in our own kitchen next the Builder's office—not a bad idea.

After many trials and tribulations concerning sugary fudge, scorched macaroons, soft sea-foam, stacks of messy dishes and burned fingers we managed to produce huge piles of sacks which were filled with fudge, butter-scotch, opera creams, divinity fudge and cocoanut macaroons. The delicious odors from the kitchen permeated the rooms of the Builders, making their mouths water and their appetites grow. As a result they helped the cause by buying liberally.

Mysterious posters placed in various parts of the College aroused the interest of the girls so that they brought pennies to buy of our delicious candy. In a very short time we had sold it all, leaving in its place a stack of nickels, pennies and dimes.

The next week we had another sale and presented the money to Miss Baker in Assembly. Although the sum was not great, we were proud to have earned the first money that was given to the Building Fund by any of the dormitories.

Mary F. Wilson.

South House

THE spirit of loyalty of South House was awakened at the first cry of campaign, and a desire to do its bit was readily responded to by the staging of a South House hop and candy sale. Every girl shouldered a responsibility and on the evening of October eighth the result of that willing co-operation was shown in the success of our enterprise.

As each couple entered the spacious dance hall, they were presented with a brightly colored bow as a favor, which added much to the gaiety of the occasion. A candy booth was erected in the entrance to the dance hall and passers-by exchanged their extra money for candy—always a popular attraction. The music for the evening was furnished by the South House orchestra under the direction of LoAnna Wilson. Benson's orchestra had nothing over the presiding musicians, as was evidenced by the eager appreciation of the dancers.

Everyone enjoyed the occasion and the members of South House rejoiced at the royal support of the students, which enabled them to contribute a twenty-dollar bill to the campaign fund.

*Marian Clark,
Hazel Stauffacher.*

Elizabeth House

"Come, let's go; don't be slow;
For the building fund must grow,
And the dollars keep rolling along.
Keep them rolling, keep them rolling!
And the dollars keep rolling along."

DOWN the center aisle of the Assembly Hall, to the accompaniment of the singing, two attractive little maids attired in neat black dresses and white caps and aprons walked sedately, bearing aloft a platter of truly Thanksgiving appearance. A realistic turkey rested temptingly amid garnishings of fresh green parsley, carrots and other inviting vegetables. It was just the day before Thanksgiving vacation. Was it possible that the Elizabeth House girls were presenting our dear president with a Thanksgiving dinner?

Miss Baker beamed with surprised delight as the dish was placed before her and the real contents of the unusual "dressing" were disclosed. Fifty-seven dollars in crisp bills were stuffed inside that remarkable turkey, forming the contribution of the girls of Elizabeth House.

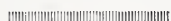
Ever since the opening of the campaign to raise funds for our new College the girls of Elizabeth House had been industriously racking their brains for some scheme whereby they, too, might contribute toward this cause so near and so dear to the hearts of all at N. K. E. C.

The other dorms had burst forth already with many original ideas and schemes. What was there left for Elizabeth House, with her small quota of fifteen girls? One thing it seemed—individual efforts and combined financial results, and this plan the girls found most successful as our friend the turkey can testify.

Was there anyone far or near who possessed a sweet tooth? Always! Two girls of "third floor front," famed fudge makers, were kept busy supplying their demands at seventy-five cents a box. A "little fairy in our home" kept powder puffs, ivory bureau sets, handkerchiefs and other sundry articles spotlessly clean for all. Again a precious Saturday spent at Field's in any department from dolls to gloves; or the resolute denial of double chocolate sundaes added the dollars and pennies to our fund. We interpreted the Builder's motto "Watch it grow" into "Make it grow."

"And the dollars keep rolling along;
Keep them rolling, keep them rolling."

Elizabeth Wallace.



Avilla House

VERY much inspired by the pictures and talks about our wonderful new College, Avilla girls with the help of their most loved house-mother, Mrs. Clarke, pledged all of their efforts toward raising money for the campaign.

Our first drive, being a benefit bridge, brought us in thirteen dollars. Thirteen tables were filled at twenty-five cents per player and although many people may be skeptical as to the good fortune which this number brings, we feel that it put us to thinking. While the other houses were steadily increasing the "watch us grow" we were quietly sewing, painting, and designing in preparation for our Christmas bazaar, which made the song "Tomorrow" famous. The announcement of the bazaar was made by the introduction of a beautiful doll, which was loved by everyone at first sight. This doll was to go to the one holding the lucky number, which was to be drawn the day of the bazaar. Chances were sold to every possible prospect and in this way the doll proved to be our largest factor by bringing in one hundred and fifty dollars. "Do your Christmas shopping early" was the slogan of both students and faculty alike, for everyone seemed eager to glean the amazing bargains. The tables were filled with dainty underwear, handkerchiefs, aprons, painted articles, hosiery and infant's wear, making one marvel at the co-operation and hard work which made them possible. Need we mention the thirty-five pounds of fudge which sold at ten cents a bag in less than ten minutes' time? All of our efforts were rewarded when we handed our check for three hundred and thirty-five dollars to Miss Baker and received her words of appreciation which always inspire one to a greater good.

*Jessie Satre,
Eloise Scarle.*

Main Dorm

THE SILENT CALL

(Tune: "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean")

O girls of our dorm! O girls of our dorm!
What's the name of the game you played in Main last fall?
With your needles and your thread,
Using both your hands and head,
How you rubbed and scrubbed and cleaned and mended all!
O girls of Main dorm! O girls of Main dorm!
You didn't waste a minute night or day;
You were always bright and gay,
No matter what the day.
'Twas a project, girls in Main dorm,
And you worked with all your might.

O girls of third floor! O girls of third floor!
Don't you remember how we sat around that night?
How our plan it grew and grew;
Each one had her work to do,
And your interest was indeed a lovely sight.
O chums on third floor! O chums on third floor!
Don't you remember how our bootblacks shined your shoes?
How our waists were snowy white,
How our nails all looked just right?
'Twas a project, girls on third floor,
And you worked with all your might.

O girls of second! O girls of second!
How good those sandwiches tasted every night!
There was ham and there was cheese,
Made to order and to please,
And you cut and spread and fitted them just right.
O chums of second! O chums of second!
You made some cocoa, too, for our delight;
It was hard for you to do,
And we give our thanks to you,
'Twas a project, chums on second,
And you worked with all your might.

O chums in Main dorm! O chums in Main dorm!
Here's the meaning of this project work for you:
You have heard a silent call
And you have not let it fall.
May you carry it with you your whole life through!

O chums in Main dorm! O chums in Main dorm!
May you always keep this vision in clear sight,
And no matter where you go,
Be there sunshine, rain or snow,
Here's your project, chums of Main dorm—
May you work with all your might!

Elizabeth McCollum.

North House

"One little, two little, three little dollars,
Four little, five little, six little dollars—"

THUS sang a large group of girls, right on up to fifty-five dollars, gingerly dropping shiny silver dollars into the basket in Miss Baker's outstretched arms, while excitement in Assembly grew to a bursting point and had its climax in a roar of applause for the girls in North House.

"How did you do it?"

"Well, we did a lot of things. We as a house wanted to do our bit and so we called a meeting from which everyone went away with an air of mystery and importance. Two weeks before Hallowe'en, if you had chanced to be around any time between eleven and twelve of a certain Friday night, you would have seen a number of couples strolling into our 'Black Cat Tea Room,' and a little later you would have seen their eyes dilating over the first-rate sandwiches and coffee that were set before them. But oh!—after it was over—the dishes! Still we made quite a little and were inspired to try it again the night of the Hallowe'en dance at the Lakota. And this was an even bigger success than our first attempt. Ruth Candy offered her services as interior decorator and several others volunteered as waitresses, and so we came to the night of the big event. None but a 'North Houser' knows the fun, excitement and suspense that accompanied our second 'Black Cat' episode, and while all agreed that the dance was wonderful, they had to admit that the lunch afterwards was better. In the end 'the guests went home, tired but happy,' and we pocketed the money.

"But even that isn't all. A little while later, when everyone was working to make the Toy Carnival a success, Mrs. Kahl invited us all down to a sewing party one night and what do you think we made? Raggedy Ann dolls to sell at the carnival, and a lot of fun we had, too, stuffing them and making the hair and clothes in imitation of the first and only real live Raggedy Ann, otherwise known as Mercedes Hagerty, a North House girl.

"I think, now that the campaign is over, we can all see how much it has meant to us and what it has done for us. Such an undertaking to be a success means the best kind of loyalty and co-operation on the part of all, and we in North House feel as do the other dorms, that every girl measured one hundred per cent in those respects, thus making it possible for the house as a whole to go 'over the top' and then some."

Ruth Barr.

How the Town Girls Raised Their Money

“We’ll prove to every doubter
Our loyalty’s true blue,
And show the world there’s no other
School, N. K. E. C., like you.”

TRULY that has been the slogan of the Town Girls' Organization for the past year. How have we shown our loyalty and helped to keep the dollars rolling? Well, listen, and I'll tell you! First of all we started the year right by selling candy, homemade candy—for the Town Girls can make candy as well as bread. This sold so quickly that we were unable to keep up with the demand and we decided to buy candy wholesale and sell it at retail prices. And then one day someone hit upon the bright idea of selling taffy apples. Oh! those taffy apples! Is there a girl at N. K. E. C. who doesn't rejoice when she sees those large, luscious taffy apples arrive? 'Tis a sight for hungry students! Cares, homesickness and the like disappear with their arrival. And their financial value is not to be scoffed at. Didn't they make it possible for us, at our Hero Day Festival, to present ten new crisp ten-dollar bills to Miss Baker for the building fund?

Nor is this all. Our fame as cooks gave us the honor of directing the famous Kiddie Kitchen for the four Toy Carnivals. Our jolly Gingerbread Boys, our fat Cookie Horses and Ducks, our Lollypop Girls and Gum-drop Boys harvested hundreds of pennies and dimes, and according to the carnival treasurer, who, by the way, is a loyal Town Girl, furnished the largest per cent of profit of any department.

In recounting the service of the Town Girls we cannot fail to mention little Peter Stocking, made from a white sock, who was found on the president's desk one morning, with a twenty-dollar bill in his wee pocket, the gift of one girl, Olive Milligan, who had made twenty like Peter as her bit for the Building Fund. Other gifts have been larger, but truly ours carries with it a whole-hearted devotion to the College and the cause of childhood.

Esther Hagstrom.

The Autumn Festival

Honk! Honk!

“Oh, there goes my balloon! No, you can’t come in this car, it’s so full now it sags. Here we go.”

Where? Why, to see the town of Evanston. We're the girls of N. K. E. C. and Evanston is about to become acquainted with us; for we are going to build our new College of Childhood here—next to the golf green. Now that we have introduced ourselves to the North Shore residents we shall move to the grounds.

On the proposed new site for the College an autumn festival was held. In the beautiful sunlight of that cold Columbus Day, slight figures clad in a maze of colors danced on the green. As autumn came racing over the hill she dressed the world in a riot of color, and in her wake came garlands of autumn leaves, the true symbol of that season. The balloon dance which followed was the dance of joy that made us famous and when at the end of the dance all the balloons went sailing up into the sky to carry our message near and far, it was indeed a glorious sight. And then once again—autumn—a rich procession of autumn leaves and fruits—wound its way over the hill.

But we also had a rollicking playtime—our Freshmen had quickly absorbed the real spirit of play—and they played well. Just when everyone was really cold and hungry we were invited into the Club House and entertained by the women of Evanston and the North Shore, who served us sandwiches and coffee.

The sequel came a few days later when letters reached us from Indianapolis and Kokomo, Indiana, in reply to our message, which three hundred tiny aeronauts had carried afar on the wings of the strong west wind—

“This balloon will go up in the sky in Evanston,

Our College towers will go up by and by in Evanston,

And the cause of the child will be lifted high in Evanston.”

Virginia Edgren.



Toy Carnivals

LATE one evening after Little Girl had been tucked away in her downy bed and nurse had arranged her toys in nice straight rows against the wall, a very strange thing happened. Little Girl began to stretch and yawn and suddenly sat up straight and began to talk. “Oh I’m so tired of just playing, playing all day long by myself. I want to play with other boys and girls.” At that there was a stir in the room and Little Girl became very much frightened for some one was moving toward her. She was going to run away or call for Mother when she discovered that it was her own beautiful French Dolly standing right beside her bed. “Why I didn’t know you could walk all alone, Dolly. What has happened?” French Dolly took one step nearer and began to talk to her. “Why don’t you come away with us? Raggedy Ann and Funny Clown, Teddy and the tin soldiers are going on a journey. We’re tired, too, of just doing tricks for one little child. We want to make other children happy.”

“But where are you going?” asked Little Girl. “Nurse is not here and there’s no one to dress me and I can’t unlock the doors and we never can get away for I couldn’t carry all of you. How can we go away?”

“Wait and see,” said French Dolly, and at that Raggedy Ann began to dance and tumble about in her clumsy, raggedy way, tin soldiers marched about the room in twos and fours, sailor dolls sang and danced, teddies rolled and tumbled, Jack-in-the-box jumped about and Funny Clown did marvelous tricks.

"Oh, oh, oh," cried Little Girl. "What has happened, where are you going?" And all the toys answered in chorus:

"Close your eyes tight,
Count one, two, three,
For we are going to dance
For N. K. E. C."

When Little Girl opened her eyes she found herself in a room filled with little children and big children, and babies cooing and clapping their chubby hands and mothers and fathers whose eyes were laughing because they seemed so delighted to see Little Girl and her toys. And when she saw how happy Teddy and Funny Clown were making the children, she began to dance, too, and together they danced and played and talked until they had made every little girl and boy very, very happy indeed. They even climbed the stairs to a big room where there were many, many toys, and helped children select the ones they thought they would like the best, and once in a while Funny Clown whispered in the ear of a Daddy, who seemed to be very much puzzled. And then Daddy's eyes would twinkle and he would go straight to a toy clown and say "You're just the one I want for Tommy," and after he had slipped a bright shining coin into the Girl's hand who had the clowns in charge, he put Mr. Clown deep down in his pocket and started home to Tommy.

Of course, Little Girl was very much puzzled about the place until she heard a very kind voice saying to someone close by, "Wasn't it lovely that Little Girl and her toys could come to help us out. You see we are selling these toys to raise money for a beautiful new College out in Evanston where we can train mothers and teachers and help make the world a better, happier place for little boys and girls to live in. It will be called the National Kindergarten and Elementary College."

Little Girl didn't quite understand all that was said, but when she looked up into the kind face of a little lady in brown and saw how she and her toys had made the eyes of the little lady shine with happiness, she somehow had a feeling that she was very, very dancy inside and she wanted to help more.

It wasn't long before Little Girl found herself alone with her toys and because she was so dancy inside and because she couldn't forget the face of the kind lady she drew a very deep sigh and said, "I don't want to go home. I'm so happy. Let's go away somewhere else and play with other little boys and girls."

"Close your eyes tight,
Count one, two, three,
For we are going to dance
For N. K. E. C."

sang all the toys in a chorus and soon they were floating away over the trees and chimney tops and by and by they had floated right down into a big, big

church where many more children were waiting to see them. And there, right in their midst, sat the dear little lady who was explaining to a friend. "It is such a help to have the toys come, for the children love them and want to buy those we have to sell, and by and by we will have enough money to build a beautiful new College in Evanston."

"I never want to go home," said Little Girl, "until the little lady has all the money she wants." And the toys agreed that although they were getting a little bit worn in spots and very tired sometimes, so tired that the tin soldiers squeaked when they walked and Raggedy Ann lay limp upon the floor, and Jack-in-the-box's cover came off and French Dolly's voice grew husky, they would stand by Little Girl until the little lady had all the money she wanted.

Again they found themselves floating through the air, first to Evanston, where there were so many little boys and girls that Funny Clown almost wished he could run away and Raggedy Ann grew limp with dancing and French Dolly almost tottered as she walked across the floor, but oh, how happy those children were and how good it was to hear them laugh and clap and shout. Then out to La Grange, where the Fairy Lady who had really helped bring them to life lived, and they were so happy to see her again. And here they laughed and tumbled more than ever before, for it was just before Christmas and they had heard the toys in the room upstairs say, "We do hope Little Girl and her toys will make every boy and girl here want one of us. For wouldn't it be tragic to be on the shelf on Christmas Day when thousands of children might be looking for us in their stockings?"

"Good morning! Time for breakfast," called nurse, and Little Girl rubbed her eyes and looked around at the toys in nice straight rows about the room. And then she jumped out of bed and caught French Dolly in her arms.

"Haven't we had the bestest time?" she cried. "And mustn't the little lady be happy, for I heard them say that they had more money than they had ever thought of."

"Did you have a lovely dream?" asked nurse, for she didn't understand. But Little Girl knew and French Dolly knew and Raggedy Ann knew that it wasn't a dream and that they had made someone very happy.

Little Girl did not know, and the toys did not know, but the little lady knew that because the Toy Carnival had come a new College was nearer realization than it had ever been before.

Laura Hooper.

BY CHILDREN FOR CHILDHOOD

On Fairies' Wings

A Benefit for

National Kindergarten and Elementary College Building Fund

Staged by the Student Players at Studebaker Theater,

Saturday, April 21, 1923, 10:00 A. M.

I

When the curtain opens, children
You shall see
Fair Fairyland and fairies dancing,
Two and three,
And graceful moonbeams playing softly
In the air,
And butterflies and fireflies flitting
Here and there,
And playful Puck, the tiny jester
Of the band,
Romping to and fro to flutter
Fairyland.

Then, if you listen well, I promise
You shall hear
The blaring blast of mortal bugle
Coming near,

And voices of brave lords and ladies
Who shall sing
To tell of christening at palace
Of the King,
And of his plea that seven good fairies
Come away
And give their wishes to the princess
On this day.

You shall see the fairies leave
In glad delight;
But one of all the band remains,
A wicked sprite,
If naughty Puck in mischief, tells her
Of this slight,
Will she dare to go and use
Her evil might?

II

Next you shall see the beauteous palace
Of the King,
And stately lords and ladies dancing
In a ring,
And fairies coming through the portal
On the wing,
To utter one by one the wishes
That they bring
To bless the little princess—kindness,
Truth and love,

Long life and happiness and wisdom
From above;
But e'er the last good wish is said
One enters late
To bring the babe an angry wish
Of horrid hate.
Oh, has the last good fairy power
To destroy
The evil wish and bring again
The hour of joy?

III

Do you know that time is flying
Year by year?
Sixteen times the months have passed you,
Sitting here.
When the curtain swings again
You shall behold
The lovely little princess, now
Sixteen years old.
You shall see her in the palace
Playing ball.

Surrounded by her merry maidens,
Laughing all,
Who have come from near and far
To sport and play,
And bring the lovely princess gifts
On this birthday.
All the wishes of the fairies
Have come true,
Save only that last evil one,
And will that, too?

IV

A hundred years have found this castle
Deep in sleep,
A thorny hedge has grown about it,
Dark and steep.
But now a gallant prince approaches,
Young and strong,
And all the little birds awaking
Join in song;

The cruel, thorny hedge is parting.
Bright with flower;
He will find the sleeping princess
In this hour;
Will his kiss awake her and destroy
The fairy power?

C. B. B.

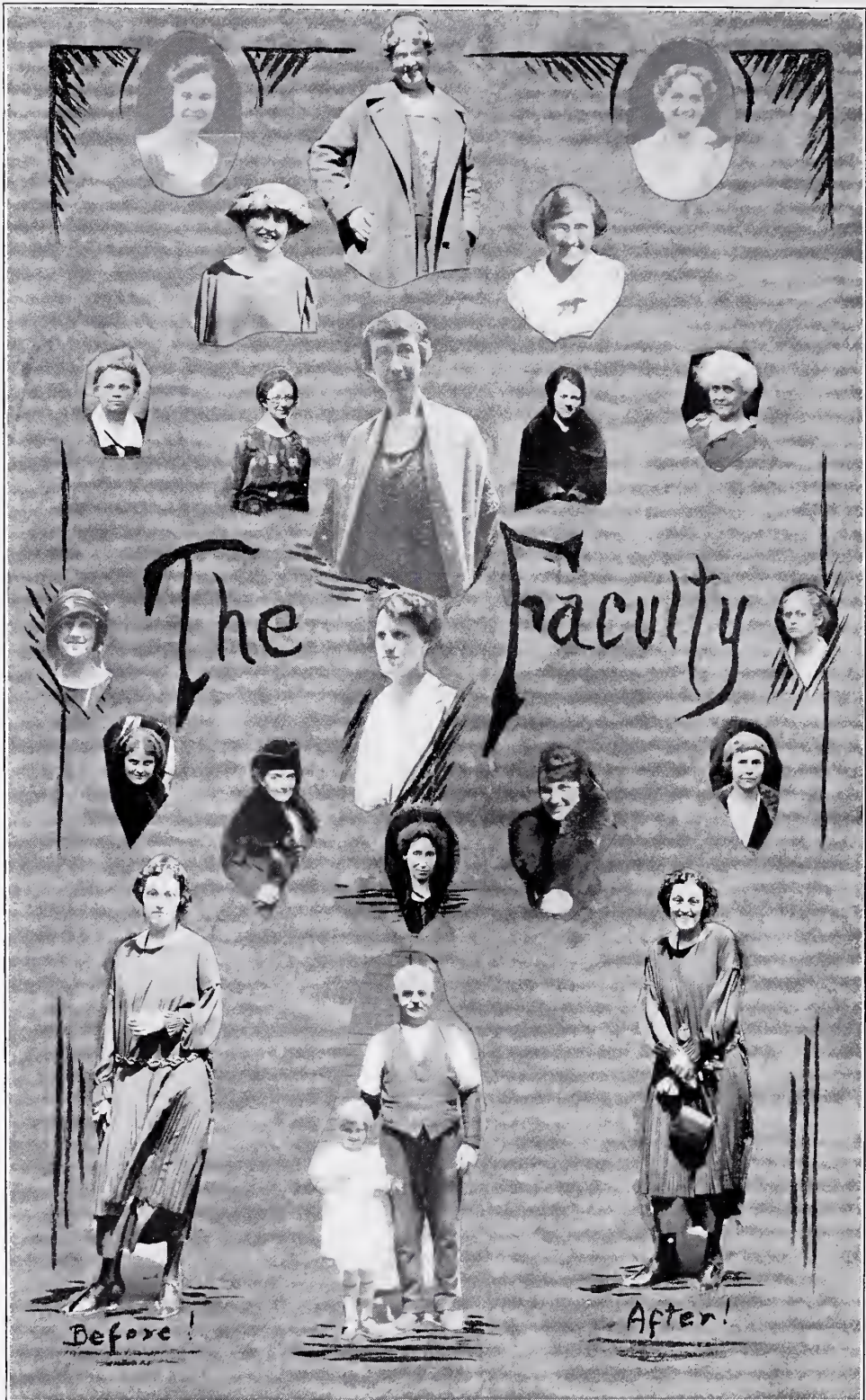
Won't You?

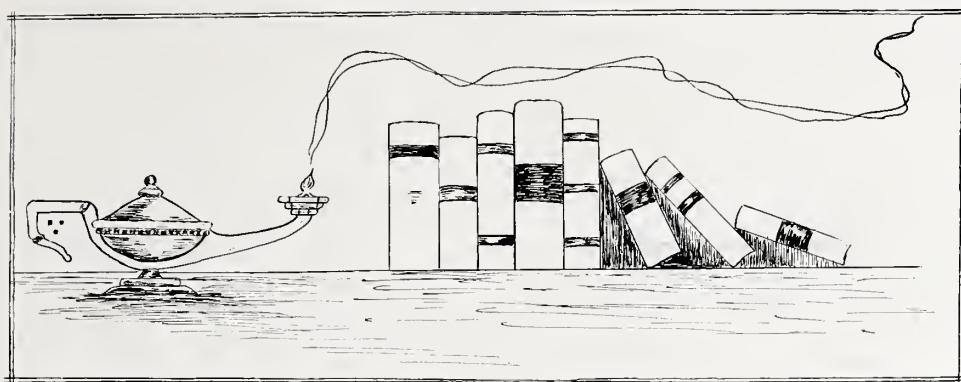
With a carnival here
And a carnival there—
Here a carnival,
There a carnival,
Here a carnival,
There a carnival—
Hey! little Freshie,
Won't you come along with me
And help the building fund?

With a "Toys Awake" here
And a "Sleeping Beauty" there—
Here a toy,
There a toy,
Here a beauty,
There a beauty—
Hey! little Junior,
Won't you come along with me
And help the building fund?

With some study here,
And some practice there—
Here an annual,
There a kindergarten,
Here a primary,
There a candy sale—
Hey! little Senior,
Won't you come along with me
And lose your little mind?

M. Farrar.





Literary

Miss Clara Baker

Do you want a jolly thought?
Ask Miss Baker.
Is your plan with problems fraught?
Ask Miss Baker.
Are your ideas old and stale?
You need one that will not fail?
Your own brain's of no avail?
Use Miss Baker.

When you want a clever poem—
Tell Miss Baker.
Need ideas to make you known—
Find Miss Baker.
For for keenness and bright wit,
There's no other quite so fit,
On the throne of Fame to sit—
As Miss Baker.

L. O. L.

Lest We Forget

A New Venture

*of experience
is the power
of the children
who were in
my mind*

THE story of "The National Kindergarten College" written by Miss Edna Dean Baker tells how first came into my head the audacious idea of announcing to parents that they were hindering the right development of their children because of their ignorance of the laws of human growth which develops the unfolding powers of the hand, the head and the heart, or what is now termed the physical, the intellectual and the psychical life of the child; and that the right use of the embryonic form of this three-fold nature should manifest itself in the young infant and should have continuous growth and encouragement up to manhood and womanhood.

*Frank
and v. l.
L. L. V. L.*

I knew that it was a far-reaching insight that Froebel had given to the world and which ~~has~~ grown and expanded wonderfully, which would in time revolutionize education and that it was desperately needed in most homes. All that I attempted at the time was to get the mothers in my kindergarten together, to give to them the insight which I had gained by my study in Chicago, St. Louis and New York; and to recommend to them certain books which had been helpful to me. I laid my plan before several friends—one or two mildly encouraged it, but most of them laughed at it as a bit of over-enthusiasm on my part. One dearly loved friend said, "Of all foolish dreams this one seems to me the most foolish. What woman who has actually given birth to a child would listen five minutes to you, a childless, unmarried woman?" However, the conviction that I had certain truths and definite facts which would help any mother to understand her child better spurred me on. Therefore, with the permission of Mrs. Loring, the principal of the school in which I had my kindergarten, I sent out invitations to all of "my mothers" to meet me the first Tuesday afternoon in October to discuss the kindergarten and arrange for some form of work together. This was in October, 1884.

The day came which, I did not know at the time, was to be my entrance into thirty-odd years of unremitting and strenuous work, but work that overflowed with the joy of growth and the satisfaction of real service. **Two of the twenty-one kindergarten mothers appeared.** I can recall, even yet, the struggle to conceal my disappointment from those two mothers and talk with them just as if I had not expected fifteen or twenty others. I think now that I must have been buoyed up by the thought that the other mothers would surely come in after I had had a chance to talk with them personally about the need of co-operation between us. But they didn't. So the two mothers and I went bravely on giving the major part of two afternoons each week for the rest of the school year. A little later three young girls joined the group. There were no charges for my time—such an idea had not entered into my plans. All I wanted was help in guiding the children aright both in the

school and the home. The young girls were not much help in such guidance, but they added to the interest and the enthusiasm of the work and I soon began giving them also extra technical work in a two year's course of preparation for kindergartens of their own. Years passed before kindergartens were put into the public schools of Chicago.

One day in the following April, 1885, a tall, attractive looking woman came into my classroom, seated herself in one of the empty chairs and motioned to me to go on with what I was explaining. When the work of the afternoon was over she came to me and introduced herself as Mrs. John N. Crouse, the mother of one of the boys in the primary grade. She then asked me if I would walk part of the way home with her as she wanted to talk with me concerning the subject of the afternoon lesson. We walked along silently for a time. Then Mrs. Crouse suddenly turned to me and said, "A hundred mothers ought to have heard what you said this afternoon." She paused, but in a moment more added, "They shall hear it!" It was the first ring of genuine co-operative propaganda that had come to me and my heart gave an inarticulate shout. She then turned to other topics and we parted at the next corner. I did not know the woman. Her eloquence of pleading, her dauntless courage that faced all obstacles as mere incidents to be expected in any great work, and her power of perseverance that simply refused to accept failure, were revealed to me later. But that day, unbeknown to me, all these great virtues were dedicated to the cause of conscious motherhood. This same week she called on every woman in her church with whom she was acquainted and called on some she had never met, and invited them all to come to their church parlors on a certain afternoon the next week, having already obtained a promise from me to be present and to talk to them of the significance of the kindergarten. She also wrote a notice of the meeting and asked her pastor to announce it the following Sunday morning and evening services.

At the appointed hour the two large church parlors were completely filled with women. I came near having stage fright. The size of the audience was much larger than I had expected. I began speaking standing, but my knees were trembling so that I had to ask for a chair, and the rest of my somewhat embarrassed discourse was given in a sitting position, with my hands nervously twisting my handkerchief into a rope and untwisting it again. When I had ended Mrs. Crouse arose and in her quiet, dignified way announced that a class would be formed to meet in the church parlors once a week for the following ten weeks and that she hoped every mother would join the class. The terms would be two dollars and fifty cents for the course. Mrs. B. would be secretary and treasurer of the class. One-half the proceeds would be given to the Ladies' Aid Society and one-half to Miss Harrison. The announcement was a complete surprise to me. Forty-five of the women joined the class and I received sixty dollars as my part of the experiment. But the money, an unexpected compensation, was a minor matter compared with the courage and added faith in my conviction which the class brought.

In the fall and throughout the school year of 1885 I was invited to speak in various private schools and church organizations, East, West, North and South, and five regular courses of lessons for mothers were given, numbering seven hundred and thirty-four members. I gave some individual lectures also in near-by suburbs. This was a strenuous year as I had also my kindergarten and what had developed into a regular training class of young girls at the Loring School, then known as "The Miss Harrison Kindergarten Training Class."

Much of my preparation and study was done on the long street car rides to and from mothers' classes. This, however, taught me a power of concentration which has been of great service to me ever since. The following year Mrs. Crouse decided to join me in the work and we were incorporated as "The Chicago Kindergarten Training School" in the autumn of 1886. All classes were held in the Art Institute. The work grew, being much helped by the publicity of "The Literary Schools" and the financial returns of my out-of-town lectures. In 1890 the school was reincorporated as "The Chicago Kindergarten College." In 1891 my first book was published after being rejected by three publishing houses. It has now reached its fifty-second edition and is translated into six foreign languages.

In 1912 the College was reincorporated as "The National Kindergarten College" and in 1917 it was again reincorporated as "The National Kindergarten and Elementary College."

Elizabeth Harrison.

Memories of 10 Van Buren Street

WHAT happy memories fill our minds as we, of the good old days at 10 Van Buren Street, recall the College life prior to 1905. Happy days indeed, packed full of rich classroom experiences and merrymaking of every variety. In spite of the many drawbacks of poorly lighted, congested classrooms with the almost ceaseless thud-thud of a printing press in the basement, the noisy street and still more noisy alley at one side, we certainly flourished.

Many were the beginnings made in those days. Our College history records the first Mother's Convocation, which was held in the old Central Music Hall located at State Street on the corner of State and Randolph—now covered by Marshall Field's.

It was a wonderful galaxy of master minds which gathered both for these Mother Conferences at Central Music Hall and for the Schools of Psychology and of Great Literature held at 10 Van Buren Street. Such names as G. Stanley Hall, John Dewey, Hugo Munsterberg, William James, Francis W. Parker, Hamilton Mabie, William T. Harris, Thomas Davidson, R. J. Moulton, Denton J. Snyder, Mary McDowell, Mrs. John N. Crouse,

Mrs. Andrew MacLeish, Jean Carpenter Arnold, Josephine Locke, Harriet Neil, Elizabeth Harrison and many others who came from near and far show the very high standards set by the College of those days.

How well I remember the day we found a great treat waiting us. Our friend, Hamilton Mabie, had made one of his frequent trips from Washington to share with us his newest helpful thoughts. As a "Freshie" I felt awed at the significance of the event—to have a greatly respected man of letters say to us, "Whenever I have some especially beautiful new idea which I think must prove a helpful thought I am glad to come and share it with you of the faculty and student body of the Chicago Kindergarten College. Here, my friends, I am always sure of understanding and appreciation."

This is only one of many illustrations which come to mind, proving that our College, because of Miss Harrison's marvelous personality, drew as a magnet the great educators of the day. This reputation still prevails. Our College has been and always will be a Mecca for those interested in the best in education.

It is a far cry from the jolly semi-impromptu stage effects in our College Hall of those days, to the beautiful production "On Fairies' Wings" given this April at the Studebaker Theater. I wonder if Mr. Johnson remembers when he was quite unwillingly dragged into the limelight. He was the only available man, and a man we had to have. His role was simple. How could he refuse when told, "You must, Johnson, we've simply got to have a man. Just ring the bell when we tell you to and try to look severe. No, you needn't say anything."

One glorious summer day, we frolicked on the Faulkner lawn down on Thirty-ninth Street and Oakwood Boulevard. This was a lovely event. How well I remember the thatched cottage saved from the World's Fair wreckage and used by the Faulkners as a summer house. There were the winter festivities, too, the evenings "At Home" when we brought our best beloveds and others to enjoy a jolly hop at College Hall. There were, too, the many charming receptions given by Mrs. J. N. Crouse in her home.

What fun it was to sit with the rows of C. K. C. girls at Grand Opera and other entertainments, and—oh!—I mustn't forget to remind Mary Foster Manierre of the day she lugged her bike up that long flight of stairs and gave us many a thrill as we scurried to points of safety while she gave an exhibition on spectacular bike riding on the slippery floor. Perhaps our levity swung pretty far at times, but I wonder if our dear Miss Harrison will not vouch for our being usually pretty well balanced?

What a jolly circle we made, a hundred or more, led by Miss Grace Fulmer, during our game period each Thursday afternoon. Now that the College has grown so large such a gathering for games would be impossible, but it worked out beautifully there in those days. It was a lovely wind-up from classroom work each week. Fond parents and other invited guests ranged themselves on a narrow platform. Often we had rather over-awed guests, our kindergarten children who played with us in the games.

The old building at 10 Van Buren, in those early days, still held a bit of the atmosphere of the old Art Institute. A large sky-lighted room was used by M. Fleury, the artist, who has preserved for us the beauties of our Chicago river with its abutting warehouses seen dimly through a veil of smoke. The artist, himself, with soft velvet cap, was an interesting feature, especially on the rare occasions when he played host to groups of our students.

Our beloved Miss Harrison,—words always fail when we try to express the half of what she has meant and always will mean to us. If we are true to the best that lies within us we will be loyal and true to the teachings of our dear Miss Harrison.

Florence Snowden Capron, Normal, '02.



Memories of the Twelfth Street School

COME, all you dear little graduates of 1923, and your old Aunt Flossie will tell you a story about the way the College used to be away back in 1913 when she, too, was a graduate. Perhaps some of you have heard your grandparents speak of those early days: if so, you can ask them to verify any points which may possibly seem doubtful to you.

To begin with, my dears, the College was then at Twelfth Street and Michigan Boulevard (any old settler will tell you that Roosevelt Road was once called Twelfth Street) and great was the history made there.

I suppose that first of all you'd like to hear about the surroundings of the school. Of course, you know that Chicago arose from desolate swamps, and so, of course, it will not be a shock to you to know that the marshes surrounded us on all sides. Little Fanny McElroy was attending school then and I remember distinctly the day her small red slipper came off in the bog. Mr. Johnson, who was just out of high school, had to wade out and get it for her.

In spite of the swamp it was a very joyful, albeit noisy location, and we girls used to love to rush to the windows as some brave parade swept up the street. Anyone who was in the College then will tell you about the time Miss Baker (they called her the Child-Registrar then because she was so young and so smart) threw a red carnation out of the window to the Marquis de LaFayette.

And did I ever see Miss Kearns and Miss Williams? Ah, yes, many times. Well do I remember one precedent-making occasion when the former with a reckless abandon that brings a thrill with the memory led the first College yell ever yelled within the walls of N. K. E. C. The world stood still for a moment and foundations rocked, but the world and the College moved on.

My most vivid memories of Miss Williams are two, one as she stood, dressed in softest cream color, reading her normal thesis, and the other in game time (and by the way, fancy playing Pop Goes the Weasel in hoop skirts!). But to continue we were playing Pigeon House, and it was Miss

Williams' game. Her pigeons were chosen, the game was practically completed, when all of a sudden she exclaimed.

"Oh! I need a nice big stick!" and with the words fastened her kindly gaze on me.

Then in that old Twelfth Street building was staged the occasion of Miss Harrison's and Miss Woodson's return from Italy after their winter's study of Madame Montessori's methods. There also occurred our affiliation with the National Kindergarten Association and the changing of our name from the "Chicago Kindergarten College" to the "National Kindergarten College" and great were the rejoicings as we began to realize how greatly honored we were.

We had another first at Twelfth Street—our first librarian—Ruth Beebe. Of course, ten years is a long time, but the last I heard Ruth was still vigorous and active.

However, time and the passing of time is as naught, and joking gives way to grateful reverence when our thoughts turn to two whose gracious presence blessed us then as their memory does now, Mrs. Crouse, purposeful, serene and benign, co-principal with Miss Harrison, and Mrs. Arnold with her clear, kind eyes, now grave, now merry, but always alight with the radiance of one who followed a star.

Florence Fairman Stookey, '13.

The College at 2944 Michigan Boulevard

THE National Kindergarten and Elementary College stood serene in the consciousness of its mission among the noise and confusion of the raging city. Housed in a building made over from old stables and carriage houses it was yet transformed into a very dignified college of childhood. It has stood nobly the difficult task of adaptation and reached the climax of its existence as an act of faith. Now it must build outward as a demonstration of principle. It is this later phase of its life which we know, we who, too, were at the climax of the old order, who were willing to die for our beliefs, and who, through the war, were brought to see that now in the presence of actuality we must be ready to live for them.

The day of the signing of the armistice—in November, 1918—somehow brought to a focus this growing transition and precipitated the change that was to come. On that day we met in the austere, white-tiled Assembly Hall. Red carnations and our beautiful flag glowed against the cold whiteness, reflecting the warmth of our patriotism. Miss Harrison, quietly dignified, interpreted anew for us the meaning of life and the real purpose of education as she led the service. In that moment we knew that our task as teachers of children was far more than a chosen profession. It had become a tremendous responsibility, a solemn obligation. The task of establishing economic stability had become ours in a peculiar way. To us Miss Harrison was handing the torch that she had lighted. It was with new gratitude and deep devotion that we sang "Now Thank We All Our God" and went out to the work that lay before us.

The three years were short ones full of enthusiasm and eager delight in the learning that was so much play. Field trips in the rain and mechanical toys, endless themes and notebooks, calling for the children of the demonstration school, these were all streams of color in the spectrum of our life at N. K. E. C. Whether we learned more from our class work or the conditions of our environment it is hard to tell. Certainly Miss Baker's loving interest in us and her gentle womanliness made a deep impression. The influence of each teacher and officer, as well as the jolly friendships which we made, contributed to our growth in personality; yet the strict vigilance of others in keeping us from perching on the tables in the hall did something for us, too, though it was not nearly so interesting a form of training.

They were bright spots of pure joy, those college days, despite the grievances, real and imaginary, ranging all the way from disappointing cadet-ing assignments to lunches consisting of soup and French toast. Through them we blissfully made our way, serenely happy in the unconsciousness of our ignorance. To be sure "Applied Art" and mechanical toys were as thorns in the flesh, or rather splinters in the fingers, but we managed to endure them in some fashion—and their teachers, us. For that we give them honor. We kept all our playmates awake practicing skips for kindergarten; they were marked "light and gay," yet quite unaccountably they sounded like the tread of all the allied armies marching into Flanders. We became uncomplainingly black and blue under Miss Farrar's enthusiastic leadership, and we even copied, word for word, the table of contents of "Terman" under the fond delusion that we were outlining the book.

Many of our experiences we could have had nowhere else and they are precious to us. Chief among these was the rare privilege of knowing Dr. Gunsaulus, friend of the College and leader of men. His interpretations of Shakespeare were exceeded only by his interpretations of life. We had unusual opportunities to see some ideal teachers of children "in action." Miss Farrar's sparkling comradeship, the color of sunlight shining through the daffodils in the window and touching Miss Winter's hair, others equally sympathetic and playful, as each in her own way "lived with her children"—these were things never to be forgotten. A few of us even had the joy of visiting Miss Baker's Sunday School, and then it was that we really felt the thrill of what it means to be a teacher of little children.

By contrast with these lovely things we remember the pop-corn balls in the College hall; the bubbler, minus its handle and tasting of chlorine; the old clock, the most useful of all alibis when one was late because it never by any chance agreed with anything else in the city; the sofa in the hall covered with coats and confusion and trying hopelessly to live down its discouraged springs; even the mud in the alley—these, too, are memories permanent as our education itself.

Our alley was a pet one all our own, and it was not a handsome specimen even for a Chicago alley. In winter its mud was four inches thick and of a peculiarly gluey consistency, desperately handicapping the two o'clock rush from the "L" station. In summer, though, it was even worse with its

sun-baked bricks so hot that they seemed to magnify the power of the sun to the nth degree. The cheerful and altogether unintelligible cries of the hucksters who frequented it afforded us infinite amusement and added in no way to the discomfort of the visiting lecturers until Mrs. Jarvie or Miss Kearns went out in their officially stern capacities as "shushers." We remember once that just as Dr. Monin had plunged the class into the deepest waters of Kant's philosophy and was lecturing in full swing, a ragman called nasally "Rags and iron! Rags and iron!" The class was shaken rudely awake, albeit to its infinite relief that here was something that could be understood. Dr. Monin, appreciating the situation, switched the subject of his lecture and spent the rest of the hour discussing the proper balance to be maintained between the solid iron of responsibility and the beautiful but less necessary rags of pleasure. That was one lecture never forgotten, and so even ragmen were made to contribute to our education.

Now the College is about to go to Evanston, there to build a new life for itself and grow into increasing fields of usefulness. New generations of students will have mingled with their education the breath of the wind blowing across open fields, the color of sunlight on the lake, all the tangible beauty of the life pulsing about them. These mean much in the development of character; yet lilies grow from ugly bulbs, the spirit of N. K. E. C. became beautiful in the midst of noise and smoke—yea, even in Bethlehem was born the Christ.

Margaret Kimball, '21.

In a Stable

A child was born in Bethlehem—
The angels sang the glad refrain
Of "Peace on earth—good-will to men,"
And over earth the ages down
Rings forth the song that cannot die—
"Glad tidings unto you I bring."
"The Child is born"; let earth rejoice,
For life and love and sacrifice
Have come to be. A manger bed
Has kindled flames that rose—a cross,
And lighted all eternity.

Those flames still rise in smoke and steel,
And bursting forth, forget the spark
That burned serene in Nazareth
And gave them birth. Yet faith can see
That in the star that flame is born
Which kindles life upon the earth
And triumphs over Calvary.
Then in this stable, dedicate
To budding life, to womanhood,

The faith that builds, not seeing clear,
Yet reaches heights of life unguessed,
Shines through the smoke to find that spark.
And little children even now
Have come to know the flaming joy
Of sacrificial liberty.

But wise men following from afar
Shall see again a cross, a star.

Margaret Kimball.

The Future College

UNLIKE the old class prophecies, my dream for the future of our Alma Mater has no hazy outlines. I have only to transport myself to the new site on Sheridan Road at the meeting of Evanston and Wilmette, and there with the architect's water-color drawings and floor plans spread before me, I can conjure up a future college that thrills me as no castles in Spain have ever done. Shall I show you our College by sunlight or moonlight, in summer or winter—perhaps we can skim the panorama of the year.

At eight o'clock on a winter morning I approach the ground; looking eastward through the etching of the leafless trees I see old Lake Michigan flecked with ice, with its coast line of frozen waves. As the morning sun touches its waters the evanescent sparkle passes from the ice on the shore to the snow on the land. Involuntarily I turn to look at the building which I am about to enter. The beautiful structure with its imposing central tower is built of brick and stone. Although it has much dignity it speaks a welcome from its sloping eaves to its hospitable, wide open doors. Over the entrance I read "Elizabeth Harrison Hall." Already there are signs of life on every side. Gay beves of girls are crossing the meadow from the Canal with bright colored sweaters and skates on their shoulders. I hear a rumbling in the distance, and the "elevated" halts at Isabella station and unloads a group of at least fifty children and young women—their merry voices ringing on the frosty air. A large automobile bus draws up before the door and children of all ages and sizes, from toddlers to the sixth grade, pour out on the walk with one or two teachers keeping guard at the rear. I follow them into the building where spacious corridors lead me past the office of the social director, the club room for town girls with its great fire-place, inviting couches and arm chairs, straight to a door where I read on the plate, "Gwendolin Armour Kindergarten." Looking inside I see the morning sunlight pouring through the windows on the twenty-four or twenty-five four-year-olds. There is a story group around the fire-place, another group playing with blocks, and still another in the lovely window space, tending the bulbs and fishes. I pass on down the corridor and peep into the next room where I find similar delightful equipment, but different occupants. There are twelve or fifteen walkers and runners, varying from two and one-half to four years of age. Each one of

these pre-kindergarten children has his own project, whether it be a "kiddie car" or a pile of blocks. There is incessant movement and the constant babble of baby voices, with now and then the clear, quiet tones of a motherly teacher.

Beyond the babies I find the play-room and the work shop, where half a dozen five-year-olds and the teacher are painting a set of doll furniture. I hear faintly the sound of feet and the piano playing. Following the sound, through the glass windows on the opposite side of the corridor, I see a class of girls in the gymnasium with Miss Mount in charge, her face fairly radiant with the development made by the students under these new conditions.

Going up a flight, I find all six grades of the elementary school, each with its play-room and work-shop. These children from six to eleven are finding real purpose in living, and interest and effort thrive apace.

From the regions above pleasant odors are wafted down to the halls below, and so I ascend. Here are classes of young women engaged in all sorts of vocational work from the making of beds and the baking of bread to the setting up of doll houses and the designing of dresses. Moreover, all the facilities for doing these things beautifully are at hand in the complete domestic arts and science suite. On the other side of this floor, I find a science laboratory such as we did not dream of in the old days, when a handful of twigs in an old fish globe and a few stuffed birds on the library shelf comprised the extent of our natural science collection.

At this moment my attention is distracted by the clatter of small feet upon the stairs and the sound of subdued voices. In the corridor I meet the kindergarten and pre-kindergarten teachers and their groups going out upon the roof playground for thirty minutes in the open air on this cold and frosty morning. Out here we find slides, swings, balance boards and free space for many running games, while underfoot it is warm and dry.

Coming back into the building, I stop to rest a few moments in the spacious library with windows overlooking the meadow, the canal and the trees beyond. Some of the older boys and girls are out on the playground having a glorious time playing in the snow and on the pond of ice at the foot of the hill.

And so I tarry through the day and am persuaded to stay into the evening in order that I may see what it means to have a school as the center for the community. The big assembly hall is open at seven-thirty, and over five hundred parents from the North Shore are accommodated for a lecture on the training of children, and for a game period on the stage, which I find is a part of the gymnasium. Here they and the students, with all the abandon of children, play ring games and races.

As I leave that evening, I am invited to return, and the atmosphere of friendliness which I remember as so characteristic of the College seems to enfold and follow me.

And so I do return later on upon an evening in early June. This time I am invited to chaperon the senior prom. It is to be held in the beautiful dormitory. The sun is setting over the canal, the gulls are hovering on its

waters and now and then the shrill whistle of a launch, or the dip of an oar, may be heard.

Dinner is served to the family of more than three hundred, and the guests, in the great dining-room in the English basement. As the girls gather in the club rooms to the right and left of the dining-room, the thrill of the evening excitement is already in the air. Bursts of song come first from one table and then another, while guests are greeted here and there, and the glow of the sunset lights up the merry faces.

As the girls trip up the stairs, or take the elevator to the floors above, I follow from apartment to apartment. I find in every one the characteristic home touch that I used to know in Avilla, Marienthal and North House, but here there are no three or four-girl rooms and every room has windows with charming vistas over the canal, the meadow or toward the lake.

By and by the lights are lit, and in the large reception rooms on the first floor a gay company gathers and the dancing begins. Very interesting is the life of a chaperon as the group moves out through the hall upon the open piazza, down the terrace in the moonlight to the fountain and the flowers of the court. Occasionally a couple strays even farther to the meadow or the canal, and the enterprising chaperon must overtake them willy-nilly and send them back again to the gaily lighted hall.

Do you wonder that the future college "thrills me as no castles in Spain have ever done," and that I am willing to pledge my brain and heart and hand until the College towers go up, and the cause of the child is lifted high in Evanston?

Edna Dean Baker.

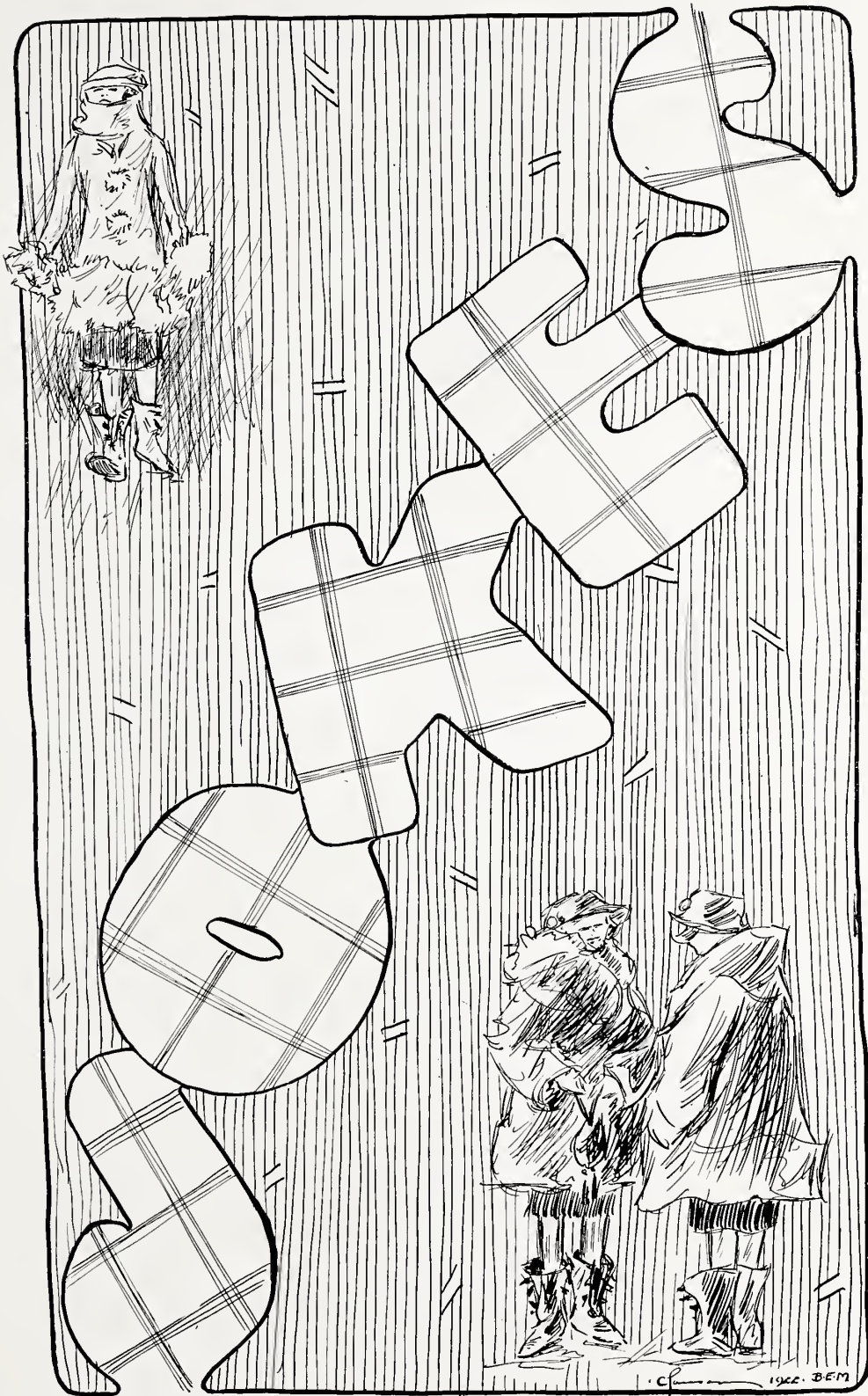
Springtime in the Dunes

The lake's a mass of streaky patches
In every hue of blue—
A vast expanse of Japanese crepe,
With shiny satin glinting through.
The sky's a dome of pale blue glass
With golden sunlight all around;
And sea-gull's screech
And softly lapping waves,
The only sound.

The clean, white sand
Is warm and soft and deep.
It makes you long
To lie and rest and sleep,
Though all about
The hum of life is heard—
For spring is in the Dunes
For insect, plant and bird.

M. Farrar.







Our Children

Little Jimmy—After learning "Now the farmer sows his wheat" comes home and sings—

"Now the farmer soaks his feet, soaks his feet—"

E. McCollum—"Johnny, can you tell me what became of Noah and the Ark?"

Johnny—"Sure, the baby licked the paint off'n Noah and pa stepped on the Ark."

In the Primary room a postman and an assistant are appointed each day.

Helen O'Rourke—"Miss Baker, today Jeanne was postman and she didn't give her system anything to do."

In one kindergarten all the February "great days" were observed and their meaning explained—

Johnny (to a guest)—"I know why the weather is so cold—because Abraham Lincoln came out the other day and saw his shadow."

Miss Baker (to Primary nature class)—"The other day the janitor found a hen's nest under my barn, full of eggs. There were twelve eggs in it."

Marguerite—"We had a hen that ran away, and we put it on the roof to keep it home. When we got up the next morning the eggs were just rolling off the roof—like a hailstorm!"

Maude Humphrey (giving a mental test)—"What is an eyelash?"

Little Boy—"A thing you wear over your ears to keep them warm."

Second Grade Bobby—"I think Lincoln and Washington are the greatest men."

Teacher—"Why?"

Bobby—"Well, they were both born on holidays."

Teacher—"Who is the president of the U. S.?"

Bobby—"I guess Fatty Arbuckle must be, because everyone is talking about him."

Billy—"Mother, what did you say was the matter with grandmother?"

Mother—"Locomotor-ataxy."

Billy—"Well, I couldn't remember, so I just said she had engine trouble."

A Bit of Chivalry

Among the children at Grace Church Kindergarten a little Greek boy, Tony, stands out as the acknowledged and beloved leader. If there is any trouble in the kindergarten it is Tony to whom all the children turn; if there is a saddened heart Tony is the one to console; but if Tony is punished for any reason the whole kindergarten goes into mourning. There is also a little girl who is both very shy and very stubborn, and one morning when the children were forming a circle to play a game this little girl refused staunchly to take anyone's hand. Several of the children coaxed, persuaded and commanded her; the teacher requested—but the child refused and it looked for a moment as if there were trouble brewing. Just at this point Tony left his place in the circle and strode manfully across to the little girl's side, took her hand—which she willingly gave him—lifted it courteously to his lips, and then completed the circle and went on with the game. As true a little act of chivalry as was ever seen.

L. O. L.

Eloise Searle—"Now who can sing Robin Redbreast?"

Mary Jane—"I can—

 "I am Robin Redbreast,
 The sheik, the sheik, the sheik—" "
 (Cherie, cherie, cherie).

Ourselves As Others See Us

Miss Clara Baker—"Why, I completely forgot my class and the girls have all gone home!"

Ardelle—"Never mind, nobody felt very bad about it."

Kind Old Lady—"I beg your pardon, but you are walking in the gutter."

Grace Riley (thinking about her date that night)—"Oh, thank you, I thought I was lame."

Miss McElroy—"Now this will be a class in Hygiene."

Jean Werbel (entering late)—"Hi! yourself."

Freshie (just arriving)—"Is it true that the people of Chicago are stupid?"

Amazed Senior—"Why?"

Freshie—"Why, I read in my history that the population was very dense."

"T" Deschamps—"I wish Socrates had been an Eskimo."

Dr. Scherger—"Why on earth, Miss Deschamps?"

"T"—"Well, that's what I said on my exam."

"Who'd 'a' Thunk It"

Dr. Webb—"Do you know why you flunked this course?"

Poor Freshie—"I can't think."

Dr. Webb—"Exactly!"

Dot. Harrison—"Well, I guess I'd better go to Lit. class today."

Irene Woodson—"I'd better go with you, you'll probably need someone to identify you."

She—"She swept the room with her glance."

He—"A lot of help that was to her mother."

"This show is beneath my level," murmured the girls from N. K. E. C. as they leaned over the brass rail in the third gallery.

Poodle—"I've got you down for a couple of tickets. We're getting up a raffle for a poor college 'prof' who is down and out."

Doodle—"No thanks, I really wouldn't know what to do with the boy if I won him."

Smarty, Smarty

Clarice Von Barandy (nervously)—“The New York Express leaves this building, doesn't it?”

Gateman—“It has done so for a number of years, and I don't suppose it will take it along today.”

Dr. Frank—“Green apples make one boy into two, because he doubles up.”

Lois Taylor (the big one)—“I had eight dates last week.”

Lois Taylor (the little one)—“Masculine or dromedary?”

Ida Shaw—“We went out and studied the flowers when they were wildest.”

M. E. Ransel—“Why does a sculptor die horribly?”

Olive Milligan—“I don't know.”

Mary Esther—“Because he makes faces and busts.”

Ella Vennum—“Give me 3-0-0-0.”

Central—“What's the matter, someone biting you?”

Some Zoo!!

Nellie Ball and Clara Griffin boarding an “L”—“Ark full yet?”

Conductor—“All but the monkeys, jump in.”

Miss Farrar—“We'll spend the rest of the hour on our maps.”

Edith Upp—“O gee! I forgot my powder puff.”

Lois Hill (during first time at local Ritz, pointing to a French word)—“I'll have some of this.”

Waiter—“Sorry, miss, but the orchestra's playing that now.”

“Do you like bananas?” asked the lady.

“Madam,” replied the slightly deaf old gentleman, “I do not. I prefer the old-fashioned night shirt.”

Ruth Barr—“Ike Newton had the dope when he went to college.”

Gladys Taylor—“Howzatt?”

Ruth—“They say he put quicksand in the professor's hour glass.”

National Library

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| Freckles | Grace Riley |
| My Lady of the South..... | Susan Ansley |
| Alice for Short..... | Alice Maraviglia |
| When a Man's a Man..... | Helen Wilson |
| Old Curiosity Shop..... | National |
| Seventeen | Jessie Satre |
| Briar Rose | Ella Vennum |
| Ivanhoe | Rowena Mulford |
| Purple Sage | Catherine Westover |
| How I Became Famous in Three Parts.. | Jeanette Harper |
| Girl of the Golden West..... | Frances Brunson |
| Oh, You Tex..... | Louise Hall |
| Boss of Lazy Y..... | Mrs. Hooper |
| Whispering—Smith | Gen. Smith |
| The Virginian | Nell Hudlow |
| A School Teacher of a Great City..... | Miss Farrar |
| The Rough Rider..... | "T" Deschamps |
| Innocence Abroad | Arla Overfield |
| Sense and Sensibility | Mary Larsh |
| The Designer | Mrs. Kimball |
| The Blue Flower..... | Miss Clara Baker |
| The Call of the Wild..... | Quarter past the hour and no teacher in sight. |
| Little Women | Frances Grosh, Martha Abramson |
| Five Little Peppers..... | Kathryn Barnes, Lois M. Hill, Nellie Ball, Jeanette Johnson, Ruth Dahl. |
| Black Is White..... | Helen Durstine |
| The Art of Letters..... | Lois E. Taylor, Pauline Eisenbise |
| Wildfire | Dorothy Harrison |
| When Children Err..... | Last class before vacation |
| The Haunted Bookshop..... | Our Library |
| The Old Bell Ringer..... | Miss Wallace |
| Encyclopedia Britannica | Clara Griffin |
| The Roving Critic..... | Miss Hooper, Miss Thorp |
| The Gloved Hand..... | Miss Lanphier |
| Treasure Island | Miss Baker's classes |
| At Your Service..... | Miss Peterson |
| My Brilliant Career..... | Lois I. Taylor |
| As You Like It..... | The 1923 Annual |

Credit Where Credit Is Due

An annual is a great invention:
The school gets all the fame;
The engraver he gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

Miss Shaffner (tapping on desk)—“Order, please!”
Whispered response—“Poached eggs on toast.”

Bang! Bang! Reports were heard to issue from Room III the other day. At first we thought someone was being assassinated, but upon investigation found that they were only Hygiene reports.

The West Wind

(With Apologies to Robert Burns)
Of a' the airts the wind can blow
We dinna love the West,
For there the od'rous stockyards are
Whose odors do infest
Our streets, our yards, our College halls
And mony a place between;
By day or night our senses fight
These odors—felt not seen.

L. O. L.

National Cabinet

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| President | Miss Baker |
| Secretary of State | Miss McElroy |
| Secretary of Treasury | Mrs. Ford |
| Secretary of War | Miss Kearns |
| Attorney General | Mrs. Kimball |
| Postmaster General | Mr. Johnson |
| Secretary of Interior | Mrs. Wells |
| Secretary of Agriculture | Doctor Frank |
| Secretary of Commerce | Miss Thorp |
| Secretary of Labor | Miss Schaffner |

Lillia—“How can you stand lying in bed so long?”
Helga—“I don't stand lying, I'm no contortionist.”

Betty Alkire—“Speaking of dancing, holding a snow ball would be a frosty affair.”

We'll Tell 'Em

Visitor—“They say you have one hundred and fifty odd Freshmen this year.”

Miss E. D. Baker—“Yes, every one of them is.”

Mrs. Kimball—“We will now have some slides on the Alps by the speaker of the afternoon.”

To Psychology

Here's to you, Psychology, that meets up in room three;
You're a mighty fine subject, but you're 'most too much for me.
For when it comes to calling all the stuffings in my skull
With names like cerebellum, well, I must admit I'm dull;
And whoever heard of having four bodies in one head?
"Learn the nervous system"—it's a wonder I'm not dead—
Yet all of this is nothing to the rest we have to swallow,
A **whole book** of Cameron is enough to knock us hollow!
So here's to you, Psychology, that meets up in room three,
You're a mighty fine subject, but you're 'most too much for me!

Elizabeth Wallace.

Mid-year—"I think Ellen Rubel's getting deaf."

Senior—"Why?"

Mid-year—"Because today in Assembly she yelled 'Who?' and all the girls yelled 'Miss Baker,' and she asked 'Who?' two or three times after that."

Miss Williams—"Where is Hawaii?"

Dorothy Pujols (half asleep)—"What?"

Miss Williams—"Hawaii!"

Dorothy—"Oh, fine, thank you."

Pedestrian—"Hey, you missed me by an inch."

Milly Olson—"Be patient, I'll be back in a minute."

Miss McElroy—"Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Elizabeth Conroy—"Sure, hash."

Lost and Found Department

FOUND—A fraternity pin. If not called for before next week I will claim it. Don't rush.

LOST—Ambition—Liberal reward for return.—Student Body.

LOST—A good 1-cylinder, 2-valve heart. In good running order. If finder is one of the fair N. K. E. C. girls she may keep it.—Anon.

In Our Dining Room

"Is it thundering, Mr. Gallagher?"

"No, it's reducing, Mr. Shean!"

(Bunny Stoneall and Ruth Adams jumping rope on third floor.)

Songs That We Sing

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Just Around the Corner..... | Susan Ford |
| Dreaming | Gladys Yenerich |
| Falling | Lois E. Taylor |
| Ain't Love Grand?..... | Ann Bradley |
| Teddy Bear Blues..... | Mildred Zorn |
| Gee! How I Love That Fellow, Nathan..... | Jeanne Werbel |
| Tell Me Why..... | Lois Munson Hill |
| A Baby in Love..... | Ruth Candy |
| Don't Tell Everything..... | Harriet Newey |
| If He Can Pull Teeth Like He Can Love..... | Margery Mayhew |
| You'd Be Surprised..... | Ruth Dahl |
| One Word More..... | Frances Brunson |
| Don't Take Advantage of My Good Nature..... | Miss Williams |
| Baby Blue Eyes..... | Susan Ansley |
| Runnin' Wild | Nell Hudlow |
| When Francis Dances With Me..... | Lu Meinzer |
| When You Get What You Want You Don't Want It... | Lois Irene Taylor |
| The Love Nest..... | Helen Marbold |
| I'm Just Wild About Harry..... | Thelma Onstott |
| Joe Is Here..... | Marian Westphal |
| I'd Love to..... | Mr. Johnson |
| Ain't Nature Grand?..... | Dr. O. D. Frank |
| Say It With Music..... | Mr. Arnold |
| For the Two of Us..... | Milly Beckman |
| | Betty Swartzlender |
| Gee! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning..... | Helen Wilson |
| Take Me to the Land of Jazz..... | LoAnna Wilson |
| Sympathy | Miss McElroy |
| I'm Nobody's Baby Now..... | Fordyce Funk |
| There's a Boy in the Heart of Maryland With a Heart That Belongs to Me..... | Catherine Kling |
| When Irish Eyes Are Smiling..... | Catherine Sargent |
| My Man | LaVilla Dowdell |
| Sweet and Low..... | Ruth Beatty |
| Ireland Must Be Heaven, for My Mother Came from There | "T" Deschamps |
| Kitten On the Keys..... | Ellen Rubel |
| You Stop Kicking My Dog Around..... | Carol Rosecrans |

Dr. Frank—"Name some wild American game."

Jean—"Zig Zag Ball."

Freshman—"There is something preying upon my mind."

Junior—"Don't worry, it will starve to death."

Recent Publications

"What Not to Do, and How to Do It." Price \$2.00. Miss McElroy.

"Exams We Have Flunked." A very long and dreary tabulation. Freshmen.

"What I Know About Philosophy." Worth about 25c, sells for \$5.00. Dot Phelps.

"The Where What of the Which When." \$3.00. The Seniors.

"Last Will and Testament." The Juniors. Given free to inquirers.

A patient Freshie while extracting a **B** from psychology got stung.

Another Good Nickel Gone Wrong

Clara Plummer—"Is this Midway 9234?"

Voice at other end—"No."

Clara Plummer—"Well, why did you answer then?"

Miss Thorp—"Above all things if your clothing catches fire, keep cool."

Evelyn Thorp—"How large were the horse's hoofs? As large as my feet and hands?"

Pauline Schlechty—"No, only ordinary sized hoofs."

Miss Williams calling roll:

"Coatsworth."

"Here."

"Copeland."

Thelma, counting to see when she will be called upon to recite:

"22."

Why Editors Flunk

Write a rhyme?

Haven't time.

Write a story?

You should **warry**.

Write a poem?

Can't go 'em.

Write an article?

Not a particle.

Write a review?

You'd mark it blue.

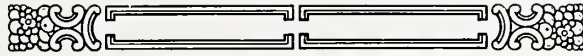
Write a new play?

Any day!

Write an essay?

Stuck ———!

M. F.



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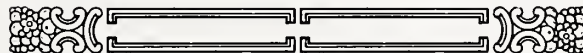
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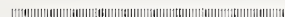


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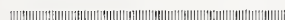
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